# The Nation.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1904.*

## The Week.

The President's message in no way appears more interesting than when it is compared with the party platform. The document, as printed in the minion type of this newspaper, fills 336 inches. Of this only a fraction over 108 inches is devoted to the subjects which the platform included. The tariff and reciprocity are not mentioned at all. There is no mention, either, of the Southern representation plank. The pension problem is dismissed in 41 words, and the whole question of the upbuilding of a merchant marine, so dear to Republican hearts, receives only 16 words in the message, though it had 90 in the party platform. All this is but another way of showing how largely the message is a personal rather than a party document. It touches on 32 main topics, of which several naturally fall into subdivisions. Only eight of them can be called matters of party policy in any sense. But we find at the same time only a very slight admixture of that concentrated essence of political wisdom which was distilled at Chicago in the last week of June. The session is still before us, of course, and the members of the next Congress are only beginning to turn their minds to matters of statesmanship. But if the time shall come when all is not harmony between the executive and legislative branches of the National Government, some of the peculiar features of this message will be worth looking back to.

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We are seeing just now an illustration of the value of cynicism in public affairs—we use the word in its good sense. Lord Salisbury, for example, was called a cynic, but this often meant simply that he applied the severe tests of experience and practicability and truth to current proposals for bringing in the millennium. "Is it not," demanded Rosebery, the other day, in his *éloge* on Salisbury, "a priceless advantage, when an untimely or importunate question is put, or some subject is advanced which it is not desirable to discuss, to have the acid, the cynicism, to apply to it to dissolve it, at any rate for the moment?" The process is at work before our eyes in the case of President Roosevelt's programme. This is of immense scope, ranging, in its benevolent intent of improving everything, from the regulation of child-labor to cutting off the tentacles of *Octopus Horribilis*. But already men are comforting themselves with the reflection that little if anything will be done. This is a tough old world, they are saying, and it is a good thing that it is, in order to withstand the impetuous charge of those who would reform everything by unsettling everything. There is no straiter sect of cynics than United States Senators, and they are already applying the acid to the President's plans. Senator Quarles, for instance, cheerfully observes that Mr. Roosevelt's recommendation that the Interstate Commerce Commission be empowered to fix railway rates, was rejected by the Senate even before it was written.

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The brief paragraph in the President's message on the currency question embraces two proposals which, a few years ago, would have been considered rash and dangerous in a political if not in a financial sense. He advises that the proper committees of Congress consider the question of the retirement of the greenbacks, and the problem of securing in our currency such elasticity as is consistent with safety. He holds, also, that every silver dollar should be made by law redeemable in gold at the will of the holder. These recommendations are conservative and prudent. In urging the retirement of the greenbacks, the President has simply reverted to the declared policy of the Republican party soon after the close of the civil war. In 1865 the Secretary of the Treasury (McCulloch) recommended such retirement, and Congress, by a nearly unanimous vote, passed a law to carry it into effect at the rate of $4,000,000 per month. It remained in force two years and two months. If it had not been repealed, we should probably have avoided the panics of 1873 and 1893, and the later calling in question of the standard of value. President Roosevelt's recommendation that the silver dollar be made redeemable in gold is likewise a revival. The so-called gold standard act of 1900, as originally passed by the House, contained a clause of this purport, which was, for some inscrutable reason, stricken out by the Senate. If it had been passed, it is not likely that even one silver dollar would ever have been presented for redemption in gold; yet the redeemability clause is needed to unify our monetary system.

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It is now officially announced that Mr. Roosevelt will not summon Congress in extraordinary session, next March, to revise the tariff. That decision may be wise—there are obvious arguments in its favor; and it does not necessarily imply that the President's purpose is slackened. Yet it will undoubtedly stiffen stand-patting. The professors of that art will smile knowingly, and will say that it will be easy to secure adjournment after adjournment of tariff reform. To kill by waiting for a convenient season is an old political manœuvre. Those who have staved off a March session will now apply themselves to the work of preventing an October session. Revising the tariff is like pulling a diseased tooth—it can always be borne better at some other time, which never arrives. It is said that the President is hesitating, not as regards what he wants to see done, but in respect to the means of doing it. He appears to have a morbid dread of "splitting his party." His knowledge of political history seems to weigh upon him. He wishes to profit by the misfortunes of his predecessors. No Grover Cleveland rows for him! Yet a powerful sentiment lies ready to be evoked in his party. Republicans all over the country are sick and tired of the high tariff. They know it to be obsolete; they suspect it of being oppressive. Of many schedules they feel, with Congressman McCall, that they cannot look people in the eye and speak in defence. Reform is not only needed; there is an immense latent demand for it within the Republican party. It is for President Roosevelt to summon this forth and convert it into an actual political energy. But he cannot do this successfully by private conferences, no matter how numerous or with how eminent personages. He should, somehow, publicly lift a standard to which honest reformers may repair.

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The Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual report, estimates, for the fiscal year ending with next June, a deficit of $18,000,000. Since the deficit for the five completed months of that fiscal year has been $25,900,000, a surplus of nearly $8,000,000 is evidently expected by the Treasury from the operations of this month and the six which follow. This is not unreasonable expectation; a surplus of some $20,000,000 was earned in the same months of the past fiscal year, and the increased expenses of the Government will not wholly nullify the analogy. The estimate of a $22,300,000 surplus for the fiscal year 1906 is rather more doubtful. It assumes, first, a $15,000,000 reduction in appropriations, and, second, a revenue from customs and excise $14,000,000 above the estimate for the present year, and $17,000,000 beyond the results of the twelvemonth ending with June, 1903. There is, of course, a more or less steady advance, under normal circumstances, in public income from these sources; and the Secretary also points out that $7,500,000 of the decrease in last year's customs yield resulted from the removal of taxes on Cuban sugar and tobacco. But it is not entirely safe, especially

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with the customs, to predict a year and a half ahead. The final result depends on the country's purchase of foreign goods in the interim. The Secretary himself, indeed, ends his review of the situation by remarking, "It is evident that the policy of public improvements cannot be enlarged upon without providing some measure for a corresponding increase in revenue."

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One could wish that the bill dealing with negro disfranchisement could have had a better sponsor than Senator Thomas C. Platt. But as the President is apparently determined to ignore the part of the Republican platform dealing with this subject, there is no chance of the measure being seriously pushed in this session of Congress. Its introduction serves to call public attention forcibly to a condition of gross political inequity as between the States, and of grave injustice as affects a whole race. Such wrongs it is better to discuss, and even agitate, than to allow to sleep. They will not sleep. The last election signified that thousands of earnest and honest men in the North are deeply concerned at the discrimination against negro voters in the South. They do not propose to leave the matter alone. They are looking for a remedy, and will not be content till one is found. Of course, the simplest and most obvious remedy is in the hands of the Southern States themselves. Let them enact such laws regulating the franchise as they may think necessary to guard against illiteracy and poverty, but let them be impartially enforced with black and white alike. That is the sting of the present system—it lets in every ignorant and worthless white, and disfranchises thousands of intelligent and property-owning blacks.

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The shallow suggestion that the South ought to cut loose from the Northern Democracy and go its own way in political matters, has served a good purpose in eliciting frank and significant discussion. The Charleston *News and Courier*, for instance, takes the view that, even if political independence were in itself desirable for the South, she has not at present the men to make it effective. "What man is there in the public life of the South to-day," it asks, "who would make an available candidate for President?" "When the tariff was under consideration," it goes on, "and they [the Southern politicians] were in position to settle the question on a fair basis, they were coquetting with the subject in a purely local way. They ran off into the wilderness after false lights on the money question. They fell into line with the Republicans on the Panama issue, and took everything that came their way when the Republican Administration at Washington entered upon its policy of territorial acquisition." Moreover, "the 5,000,000 Democratic voters in the North and West are entitled to as much consideration, surely, as the 2,000,000 Democratic voters in the South." As a matter of fact, criticism about as harsh could probably be applied to the representatives of any other group of twelve contiguous States, if we set them apart for special scrutiny. Drawing its officeholders from every corner of the nation, neither of our great parties, as it is, finds a supply of ability and integrity in excess of the demand.

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Without Mr. Hepburn's annual motion to strike out the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission, we might not fully realize that we are enjoying the benefits of a reformed system. As it happened, Mr. Hepburn's protest and Gen. Grosvenor's exposition of the pitiful case of a rural carrier who had been "hounded" by agents of the Commission, fell on the same day as the convention of the Civil Service Reform League. To the veterans of this cause the empty wrath of Grosvenor and Hepburn must recall those early days when they themselves were looked upon as ridiculous if not pestilent persons. Now their principle of appointment by merit is so firmly entrenched that the few advocates of the spoils system who have the courage of their convictions bear an obsolete aspect, as if doddering on in ignorance of the passing of their dispensation. Mr. Schurz's address brought out the real services of President Roosevelt. There never has been any doubt where his heart has been; the cause has had more consistent champions, but none stouter. Yet Mr. Schurz very properly recalled the numerous cases in which Mr. Roosevelt had suspended the civil-service rules. This shows that curious tendency in reformers to assume powers—counting on their own virtue—which they would shudder to see exercised by corrupt politicians. That, as Mr. Schurz pointed out, is to assume that good men will always be elected, and to assert that the good do not need the steadying influence of law. Both assumptions are genial, but obviously perilous. It is highly significant of the progress that has been made that the civil-service reformers of to-day concern themselves not with the onslaughts of their foes, but with the foibles of their friends.

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The discovery by Senator Spooner on Monday of a loophole in the Philippine Improvement bill through which our Government might lose millions, was one of those cases in public life where a specialist's knowledge can pick out in a moment a flaw which all the industry and conscientiousness in the world would have failed to correct. Leaving out of account the principle of the bill, there was every reason to suppose that in matters of detail it had been subjected to such scrutiny as would bring it near perfection in point of workmanship. It had been approved by the Philippine Commission, and Secretary Taft had gone over it in detail with the House committee. That committee, including such experienced legislators as Cooper, Tawney, and Crumpacker, had worked over it for weeks before making its report, with an aggressive minority to keep them vigilant. In the Senate it passed through another committee headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, and including Hale, Proctor, Beveridge, and Burrows. Yet, apparently, nobody perceived that the clause authorizing the Government to guarantee the income of Philippine railroads was so worded that those railroads might become insolvent under conditions that would leave the Government no protection. Senator Spooner's opponents in Wisconsin have harped on his former connections as a "railroad attorney," but it now appears that his thorough knowledge of railroad law is a very valuable thing to the country.

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The Senate's strict adherence to the principle of seniority in apportioning privileges and responsibilities among its members is, we presume, in the long run a wise policy, yet in its application to some particular cases it comes perilously near absurdity. The two Senators who took their seats last week, for instance, are men of deserved national reputation, and both are experienced in public affairs. They have to fall in, nevertheless, behind the group of millionaire Senators who are negligible factors in legislation. It will be, in some ways, even more preposterous when Mr. Hemenway comes over from the House and is compelled to begin like any apprentice. Here is a seasoned legislator who has filled with success a position of responsibility in the House analogous to that of Mr. Allison in the Senate. Yet it will be more than ten years before he can be regarded as a leading figure in the Senate and hold any of the important committee places. Mr. Knox and Mr. Crane, in the quiet of their subterranean committee rooms, have at least the prospective satisfaction that it is almost as hard to dislodge a man from the top of the ladder after he once gets there as it was for him to make the ascent.

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Seventy-four years have passed since the House of Representatives last had occasion to impeach a Federal judge. The question now affecting the Federal judiciary is happily not to be made in any sense a party issue. There was considerable danger last year that it might be. Eleven Republicans and six Democrats constituted the Judiciary Committee to which the Swayne case was referred. The six Democrats and two of the Republicans (four being absent) believed

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that the evidence already taken justified impeachment proceedings against the Florida judge, while the other five Republicans dissented. But the absentee members interested themselves in the case, two of them signing the minority report against impeachment, and the other two being understood to incline that way. So there was presented the anomaly of a "minority" including more than half of a deliberative body. Judge Swayne was a Republican appointee, and it did not assist a non-partisan disposition of his case to find all the Democrats on one side and four-fifths of the Republicans on the other. The postponement was regrettable because the Senate cannot well hear the case for another year, and, if Swayne is found to be an unfit judge, he will have remained on the bench for two years longer than was really necessary. The House voted for his impeachment on Tuesday.

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The question which thinking people will ask, in the face of the recent extraordinary performances in Wall Street, is what effect the affair will have on American finance, in the eyes of home or foreign observers. We do not now refer to the crazy outbreaks of a vulgar and sensational charlatan, with his impudent assumption of the right to speak for sober investors. Wall Street itself has abandoned its original and extremely foolish notion that all of the past week's collapse on the Stock Exchange was caused by one man with neither character, affiliations, nor resources sufficient for anything of the sort. It has directed its attention, rather, to the question, What was the condition of a general investment market, or of separate investment properties, which could be thrown into such chaos by any combination of stock-jobbing influences? For it must be observed that this month's fall of 5 to 20 points in values of active securities has been accompanied by no disquieting general news, by no serious tightening of the money market, and by absolutely no change in the financial outlook from what it was a month ago. What is the public to conclude, then, regarding a market and a community in which such things can happen?

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Nothing has been more freely recognized, nothing more frequently proclaimed by intelligent observers this past autumn, than the fact that a gambling ring had seized the occasion of returning prosperity in America, and of an easy money market, to push up prices on the Stock Exchange in a manner so extravagant and reckless as to invite, many weeks ago, repeated predictions of disaster. The fact that the speculative public engaged in this reckless game, notwithstanding warnings from every trustworthy source, is of itself sufficient explanation of the rotten condition in which the stock market was found when speculators attacked it during the past week. We think the entire episode creditable neither to the wealthy capitalists engaged in it, nor to the outsiders who followed them, nor to the banks which provided the fuel for this speculative blaze. To our mind, it is no answer to say that the bank must lend to any one presenting marketable collateral, and that these people proffered such security. One does not hear of this sort of fast-and-loose use of depositors' money by the great banks of Paris and London. Our feeling is that the spectacle presented in the money market of the past two months—of notorious speculators borrowing money to buy stocks, securing those loans by the very stocks thus bought, advancing prices ten or fifteen points through the magnitude of their purchases, increasing their loans to precisely that extent because of the rise in value of the collateral, and straightway throwing into the speculative market the extra capital thus procured—is utterly discreditable to a sober banking community.

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The St. Petersburg riots do not seem to be of great significance, save as a symptom of the general unrest. They were the protest of the reds against the zemstvo movement, hitherto heralded as a radical agitation, and show conclusively that for thousands of Socialists the reforms for which the zemstvo presidents are contending are far from satisfying. It must not be forgotten, however, that the radicals have paraded in St. Petersburg before, and that there have been many such demonstrations of late in various parts of the Empire, of far greater significance. The open denunciation of the war will, of course, displease those patriots and jingo editors the world over who in time of war preach the doctrine, "Our country right or wrong." We can imagine the horror which a similar protest in the streets of New York against the war with Spain would have created in certain quarters. It would have been treason at its worst. But in Russia the teachings and examples of Tolstoy seem not to have been without effect. There is no reason, not even the giving comfort to the enemy, which should prevent free men from denouncing a war made by their rulers, in which they have no part save to die or to shoulder the cost, and of which they heartily disapprove. Silence gives consent, particularly where the actions of tyrants are concerned.

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When the French Premier was nearly defeated, three weeks ago, on a motion condemning spying upon army officers, the Government press declared that the Deputies had been stampeded by the sensational revelations in *Figaro*. M. Combes so fully took this view that, after allowing the Minister of War to resign, he published the circular which requires all officeholders to report on the political fidelity of their associates. That is, M. Combes maintained that no one who was not a "good Republican" should hold office, and boldly took the ground that all *fonctionnaires* were in honor and duty bound to report any disloyalty in their fellows. From this point of view, Gen. André was forced out, not because he urged his officers to inform on each other—indeed, the system of army espionage was defended as normal and necessary: Gen. André's fault lay rather in conducting the system badly, in heeding loose and anonymous accusations, and the like. That the Chamber of Deputies does not agree with M. Combes's casuistry was shown by the vote of Thursday, in which, on a motion to prosecute official informers, the Government majority was reduced to a bare two, showing that the former ominous vote was not the result of a stampede, but of well-rooted dislike of this sorry spying business. Of course, M. Combes always has the bill separating Church and State, to which all factions of the *bloc* will rally; but with this very dangerous issue of espionage prominent, and a radical income tax to carry, his position grows distinctly weaker.

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The German Reichstag begins its sessions in the face of a discouraging financial situation. Of the individual States; Prussia's housekeeping is alone on a sound basis. That the national finances are very unsatisfactory, the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury was forced to admit. Still, in spite of rapidly growing expenditures, a national debt increased by four hundred million marks within a year, and an income the amount of which is admitted to be very uncertain, the nation is to go on its way with no thought of retrenchment. The army is to be increased once more by a number of regiments, the uprising in Southwest Africa must be put down at any cost to satisfy the national "honor," and the policy of wasting large sums on the other colonies is to be pursued. Naturally, all this afforded an opportunity to the great Social Democratic leader, Bebel. He asked very unpleasant questions. Why increase the navy, enlarge the army, plunge into rash foreign ventures, and thereby mortgage the future and put heavier and heavier burdens upon German industry? The Chancellor could make no reply, save to repeat the Rooseveltian assurances that large armaments make for peace. And he added—with an argument which we commend to our brand-new Secretary of the Navy—"A country which pays out every year $750,000,000 for spirituous wines and liquors can also pay $300,000,000 a year as an insurance premium for its security."

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### *RAILWAY RATE PROBLEMS.*

Two serious problems relating to the railways are discussed by President Roosevelt in one paragraph of his message, and under the one heading, "Rebates." He begins by declaring that "the rebate must be stopped" and that the legislation of Congress against it "must be enforced." He ends by recommending an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission by which that body shall be enabled to fix rates, subject to review by the courts. The juxtaposition of these topics would lead the casual reader to suppose that this grant of authority to the Commission would not only cure the evil of secret rebates, but would also satisfy those shippers, particularly the farmers of the West, who are clamoring for lower rates. These are, however, two distinct matters; for even if the rates fixed by the Commission should please the farmer, there would still remain the possibility of illegal favors to large and influential shippers.

The plan to enlarge the power of the Interstate Commission is embodied in a bill introduced in the last session by Senator Quarles and Representative Cooper. The authority which the bill proposes to confer is vast, and might be subject to fearful abuse in the hands of a reckless or unscrupulous majority of the Commission. Were the radicals to ride into office and hold high place for a few years, they might, through the Commission, give the railways a terrible drubbing before the courts had time to act. For this reason a conservative man cannot with entire equanimity contemplate the passage of the act. And yet the attitude of stubborn resistance assumed by many railway men is also menacing. The beauties of the Cooper bill have recently been urged on the President by the Governors of Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. Behind these executives are the enthusiastic resolutions of many chambers of commerce and agricultural organizations. The strength of this feeling is shown by the reëlection of Gov. La Follette in Wisconsin, and the incessant agitation against the railways in Nebraska, Kansas, Washington, and California—to mention only a few striking cases. Indubitably the measure commands wide popular support.

This movement, if it cannot find vent in one way, will make it in another. Should the railways concede nothing to the Interstate Commerce Commission, they may be forced to yield much to a dozen State railway commissions. At this moment the agitators are comparatively quiet, for prices on agricultural products are so high that freight charges are not pressing the farmer sharply. But a heavy drop in wheat, corn, or cotton would rouse every slumbering Populist and set him to shrieking that his margin of profit is eaten up by the railways. The question in this aspect is political rather than financial. Railway presidents and managers are familiar with the inevitable results. If they fail to accede to an often reasonable request for fairer rates, if they continue to be a corrupting influence in State politics, they can look for serious trouble during the next pinch of hard times. The opponents, then, of the Cooper bill should not "stand pat," but should offer some substitute or compromise to satisfy public sentiment.

The secret rebate has no open friends or defenders. The railway president who is stoutest in resisting demagogues, admits frankly that nothing too harsh can be said about the officer who gives and the man who takes rebates. He can also point to the undoubted fact that were the rebate in its various forms—operating through terminal and elevator charges, private-car contracts, and sidetrack systems—swept away, much of the hostilities to railways would go with it. The farmer is angry not so much because he is paying a ten-dollar freight bill as because he believes some rich corporation is paying only five. He rages against the injustice which puts him at the mercy of a Beef Trust or wheat ring. If he were sure of a fair field and no favor, he might acquiesce in existing rates with some complacency. But when he discovers that he is undermined, he says in his haste that all railway officials are liars, and that the worst is too good for them. This subject of rebates has recently been discussed very fully in articles on the Standard Oil Company in *McClure's Magazine*. They have refreshed our memories by reprinting from the abundant testimony that the oil monopoly succeeded in crushing competitors largely through the collusion, sometimes criminal, of railway officers. There are good grounds for belief that other huge corporations have enjoyed and are enjoying similar advantages. Such outrage, as current newspaper comment shows, has kindled throughout the country a deep and abiding wrath.

But the remedy has not yet been discovered. Like the thief and the receiver, both the railway and the pet shipper are bound to secrecy by every possible motive. The manager who sees his traffic slipping away from him is likely to turn, like a rat in a corner, and match the rate of some rival whom he suspects of underbidding him. The heavier the pains and penalties and the greater the risk, the more desperately he may cut. He may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. The President can say "must be stopped" and "must be enforced"; but no man has yet devised the machinery that will do this work. It is the farmer's or small merchant's knowledge that he is actually impotent against a conspiracy of force and fraud that incites him to his bitterest denunciations of railways, to his propaganda of State ownership. The large Socialist vote of the last election is one of the straws on the current. It is to avoid being sucked into a whirlpool of Socialism that we urge the railway interests to offer in Congress not an obstructive but a constructive policy.

### *THE PURSUIT OF PURE FOOD.*

The pure-food bill raised its head in the Senate on Thursday just long enough to be pushed back into retirement. There, according to the best information, it is likely to remain until the end of the session. Meanwhile, other developments keep interest in the subject alive. One of the latest contributions is the Secretary of Agriculture's report on the completion of the first series of "poison-squad" experiments at Washington. The detailed statement of results in these tests is still to be published, but the general conclusions are discussed by Secretary Wilson.

He does not hold that the results of these experiments would warrant the absolute prohibition of the use of borax as a preservative, but he does think that it should be restricted to cases "where the necessity therefor is clearly manifest, and where it is demonstrable that other methods of food preservation are not applicable, and that without the use of such a preservative the deleterious effects produced by the foods themselves, by reason of decomposition, would be far greater than could possibly come from the use of the preservative in minimum quantities." Whenever preservatives of any sort are used, he urges that the label should plainly indicate the fact, for the safeguarding of the young, sick, or debilitated.

Dr. Wiley's report, when published, will contain, it is understood, all the original data concerning the daily physical condition of each of the young men selected as subjects, so that any independent student will be at liberty to dispute the official conclusions if he chooses, and put his own interpretation on the facts as brought out. Meanwhile, the results as made public are that one half gramme per day of borax or boric acid is too much for the normal man to receive regularly, though he can take that quantity for a limited period with impunity. Daily doses of 4 or 5 grammes usually bring about loss of appetite and decreased efficiency for work. Doses of 3 grammes, 2 grammes, and sometimes even 1 gramme per day, produced the same symptoms in lesser degree, though a majority of the men under observation were able to take 3 grammes per day for a somewhat protracted period without being unfitted for duty.

Translating these proportions into terms of food as bought in the market is not easy. The preparations sold for preserving sausage or Hamburg steak, if used according to directions, should be mixed in the proportion of eight ounces to the hundred pounds of meat.

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About three ounces of the eight are borax. Thus, roughly speaking, each pound of sausage contains 15 grains, or one gramme, of borax. As a matter of fact, it is often used carelessly by butchers, and the proportion varies greatly. In meat the surface of which has merely been washed with borax, the proportion would be extremely small. On the other hand, some products contain very large quantities. The Chinese prepare the broken eggs which they sell to bakers in this country, by mixing four or five pounds of borax to the hundred pounds of stale eggs. This would mean a proportion of about 20 grammes to the pound, and there might be nearly a gramme in a single slice of cake.

This, then, is the outcome of the Government's long-continued interest in the question whether borax is or is not injurious when added to food. The conclusions are doubly interesting when we recall what it was that first interested the American people in the borax question at all. When the German Government, four years ago, applied a new set of restrictions to American meat products, one of them based on the theory that borax was unwholesome, who does not remember the protest that went up from the packers and their sympathetic fellow-countrymen? The excuse given, everybody said, was a mere pretence. The real object was merely to hurt our foreign trade. Our Government hunted up and got ready for use an old law which authorized retaliatory measures against any nation which should impose unreasonable restrictions on our products. That the ruling was "unreasonable" was taken for granted.

Now, the careful investigations of our own Government seem to vindicate that part of Germany's contention which related to the use of borax. The law against foreign adulterated products, which went into effect last June, and under which a great deal of good has already been accomplished, is based in part on the retaliatory theory. It provides merely that no country shall be allowed to export to us any articles of food or drink which would come under the ban of their laws if offered for sale at home. What they will let their own people eat, we will let them send to us. But if we make a regulation against a certain product, it ought to be because we ourselves think it harmful, not because some other nation thinks it so when it comes from us.

There met at St. Louis last month an International Pure Food Congress, including representatives of foreign governments, the State Dairy and Food Departments, and State Boards of Health in this country, the United States Department of Agriculture, and the various food-manufacturing interests. In dealing with the question of antiseptics in food, this congress passed some very sound resolutions. It cannot be too often emphasized that "there are available unobjectionable methods of preserving foods; for example, limited cold storage, desiccation, sterilization, and the use of the long-employed and condimental preserving agents, such as salt, sugar, vinegar, and wood smoke." The Congress resolved, further, that "the use of preservatives and antiseptics other than those mentioned above must be, previous to their use, justified by the manufacturer, and no citizen should be required to ascertain for himself whether or not the food we consume contains an added preservative other than those mentioned above; and, therefore, when any other preservative or antiseptic is added to food, the name and amount thereof should plainly appear upon the label."

One case which the manufacturers would put forward for justification under such a rule would be that of salt codfish. This staple product is prepared with a surface application of borax. The Massachusetts representatives presented its claims with such force before Congress last year that the Hepburn bill was amended so as to make an exception in favor of such preservatives as would naturally be washed away in the ordinary preparation of the food. Specific legislation against a particular ingredient employed in food products ought to be a last resort. The history of such measures as the Missouri "alum law" shows the dangers that lie in this class of measures. As Dr. Wiley once said of French peas, "If people want to have copper-plated stomachs, it is not my affair." But there is nothing of sumptuary legislation in a law which warns the purchaser that there is copper in those peas.

## *POLITICAL PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.*

The outcome of the zemstvo movement is still in the balance, and we would not hazard a prediction what turn the pronounced constitutionalist tendency of the Russian "intellectuals" may take in the immediate future. Prince Mirsky is at the present moment the pivotal point, with liberalism and autocracy at the two ends of the balance; but not even his most ardent friends put much faith in his ability to dominate the situation. Everybody admits his kindness and honesty, but he has not yet been tried in any political capacity, and the fear is lest his conciliatory spirit lead him into half-measures and compromises. The friends of liberty have already declared in unmistakable words that nothing short of a complete acceptance of the programme will satisfy them, while Prince Meshtchersky, who has for a long time acted as the spokesman of the autocracy, and who did not even like Von Plehve's "too liberal" views, has started out to make the minister's position untenable from another side.

The Czar has, indeed, awakened to the seriousness and urgency of the liberal movement. He could cut the knot by granting at once a fair measure of the demands of his most intelligent subjects. That would check the revolutionary propaganda, which is now stronger and more widespread than ever, and would strengthen the autocracy. But the Czar has in his former answers to various deputations displayed such ignorance of simple economic and political facts that it is not likely that he will be able to follow his "better" judgment. For these reasons the zemstvo movement may prove a complete fiasco for the present, and the direct result of it may be to intensify the even now intolerable severity of the bureaucratic régime.

It is generally assumed that the Russo-Japanese war and the death of two ministers, Sipyagin and Von Plehve, by the hand of the terrorist assassins are alone responsible for the apparent leniency the Government is exercising in allowing free discussion by the zemstvo leaders. It is also assumed that there is nothing in the past to warrant the continuance of the liberal movement. But this view is based on the former failures of the nihilists, anarchists, socialists, and populists either to unite for concerted action or to grow steadily. Things have, however, enormously changed since the eighties. During the nineties, and still more so since the beginning of the new century, there have been many indications that the first favorable opportunity, such as an unsuccessful war, would be seized for just the kind of constitutionalist movement that is now afoot in Russia. There is absolutely nothing sudden or unexpected in the present tendency. The opposition forces, while following out their own individual social-democratic, socialist-terrorist, or Tolstoyan programmes, have for the first time in Russian history met on common ground. Since 1902 they have freely exchanged their views in a bi-monthly, excellently conducted, at first in Stuttgart and lately in Paris, by Peter Struve. This periodical, the *Osvobozhdenie* (Liberation), was created for the purpose of uniting all forces in the great struggle for constitutionalism. Its influence on the liberals of Russia has been great and permanent.

In its very first number we find the germ of the present zemstvo demands. Most interesting is the extraordinary part that is ascribed to Leo Tolstoy in preparing the minds of Russia for the coming struggle. He is opposed to Pobyedonastseff as "the national hero of the new Russia," as "the most Russian of all the Russians." The Liberals are not at all inclined to accept Tolstoy's doctrines, but his extreme opposition to the present order is hailed by them. Nor is the liberal movement confined to the "intellectuals," as was the case with the previous movements.

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The laborers throughout the length and breadth of Russia are permeated with the revolutionary spirit; and strikes, demonstrations, free fights with the police, of which the world hears but little, are the order of the day. Within the last few months very serious conflicts have occurred in Warsaw between the laborers and the police and soldiery. Even the army is filled with the spirit of opposition, and not only have reservists caused riots, but soldiers have even refused obedience to their officers. The apathy of the people towards the present war is unparalleled in Russian history. Lately a high premium was offered to the gendarmery of one of the Polish provinces if they volunteered to do service in the Far East. Not a single man came forward. The present contest is conducted solely by the Government party, with scant sympathy from the nation at large. Not a disparaging word is said of the Japanese; Japanese prisoners are showered with attentions which disgust the bureaucrats; Russian prisoners in Japan are loath to leave their captivity.

The information to be gleaned not only from the *Osvobozhdenie*, but also from the Tolstoy, the revolutionary, the social-democratic periodicals, and even from the newspapers and magazines which are printed in Russia under the very eyes of the censor, bears witness to a tumultuous state of affairs. Yet it cannot be said that the liberals will be at once able to substitute anything for the present well-organized bureaucratic machinery. No one in Russia has had sufficient political training to be able to deal with the situation. The liberals themselves are quite aware of the fact, and do not try to conceal it; but they all agree that matters could not possibly be worse than they now are. They believe that only a national representation and a liberal constitution can save Russia. Though the present movement may not be crowned with success, there has never before been such hopefulness in Russia as to the ultimate and even speedy victory of constitutionalism.

## *TECHNICAL EDUCATION.*

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology celebrated on December 7 the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of its founder and first president, William Barton Rogers. All the speakers dwelt on what Prof. Francis H. Smith of the University of Virginia called the "breadth of interests" possessed by President Rogers. It was this that enabled him, as one of his pupils said, to divine the need of a coming age, to persuade a whole community to accept and support the new conception, and to influence and mould students and teachers into a working model that has been imitated, consciously or unconsciously, by "every successful scientific school in the English-speaking world." The Institute policy of offering, in addition to excellent technical instruction, some strong courses in history, economics, literature, and modern languages—general-culture courses—is one of the things that have made it possible for this school to spring up and flourish in the very shadow of Harvard.

The necessity of breadth of culture in a technical school was also the theme of John R. Freeman in an address at the inauguration of President Charles S. Howe of the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland. Mr. Freeman, whose work on the problems of New York water supply has made his name very familiar here, is an eminent and successful engineer himself and a student of educational questions. He may, therefore, be accepted as a competent witness. He quotes a manager of large industrial works as saying that a faithful uneducated laborer would generally keep a more correct tally-sheet of the unloading of a cargo than a bright high-school graduate whose thoughts were flying off on other things; that a large engine would be run with better attention and fewer breakdowns by a graduated stoker or oiler than by an expert machinist, who might be thinking out improvements instead of watching the mere operation of the machine; in short, that the best routine work is often done by a man incapable of anything much better. Mr. Freeman's conclusion is that the young man who is deficient in ambition or who cannot master "the art of getting on in the world," who is fated to follow a narrow routine, will not gain much efficiency, as a machine, by the long and elaborate curriculum of the technical school. On the same principle, those who possess energy, judgment, and "initiative" will profit greatly by something that is broader than a severe technical training.

Technical graduates, in Mr. Freeman's view, fall roughly into two classes: men of the higher grade, "the captains who will establish their own industrial works or be called to the $10,000 positions which are always so hard to fill right"; and lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates, who occupy the lower places. His aim would be, by addressing teaching to the highest grade, to produce more of the $10,000 men and at the same time better $4,000 men. To this end he lays emphasis on the fact that the purpose of the technical school is substantially that of any good college:

> "The chief function of the Technical School is not the filling of a man's memory with formulas and with knowledge of how everything is made, but rather is the training in methods of thoughtful research, of teaching how to put the question and where and how to find the answer, of how to set traps for our own unconscious errors, how to save time by understanding just what degree of precision is necessary to the case in hand, how to measure with certainty the limits of the ever-present error, and, above all, to develop and strengthen a warm, enthusiastic, undeviating love for the truth."

When this goal is held steadily in view, the technical courses are merely part of a discipline that enables an engineer to move with firm step through his own professional field, and at the same time to see the larger bearings of his subject, its relation to progress in all sciences and arts. This was the notion upon which the late Francis A. Walker so often laid stress during his presidency of the Massachusetts Institute. No engineer, he maintained, could reach the top of his profession without a general education which the man absorbed in technical details is likely to disregard. On this theory it was that President Walker strove so hard to maintain the so-called culture courses in the Institute.

Never more than at the present moment has there been need of preachers of this sound gospel. The enormous extension of scientific knowledge, the division and subdivision of our college courses until each covers a minute field with almost microscopic attention, has tended to make your specialist in all branches a man of narrow vision and atrophied sympathies. In the technical schools this tendency has inevitably been stronger than elsewhere. The generation which first discovered the practical value of scientific training could not help going a little too far in its enthusiasm. The reaction against the old rigid curriculum which practically excluded the sciences, produced a new curriculum which practically excluded everything else. Technical knowledge, once the neglected waif, became in a few swift years a spoiled darling. We are now able to look about us at things as they are. The experiment of half a century has produced results from which generalization is possible. The men of the elder day who had only the meagre college education of 1850, scarcely broader than that of 1750, were not so pitiably our intellectual inferiors. They sometimes learned to use their minds, which was, after all, the main thing. If they knew less than we about the "scientific method," they at least enjoyed the distinction of formulating that method and applying it in the spirit which should inform all education: *Humani nil a me alienum puto.*

## *TWO ADVENTURESSES.*

Naturally, Thérèse Humbert comes to mind when the talk is of Mrs. Chadwick's financial feats, and indeed the parallel is close between the Gascon Mlle. Daurignac and the Canadian country girl Betty Bigley. Both were born of the farmer class, and carried always a kind of rusticity that disarmed suspicion of their real character as adventuresses. Thérèse Daurignac boasted of her father's "Portuguese estate," and raised money on the rumor of a wealthy marriage; Betty Bigley, also of school-girl age, had printed on her cards "Heiress

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to $15,000," and actually floated notes for a few hundreds. After girlhood, our impostresses part ways. As a wife and mother, Mme. Humbert was exemplary, while into the chapters hinted at in the names of Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Bastedo, and Mme. de Vere—to pick up a few at random—we may well decline to look. But the paths rejoin with respectable marriages. Thérèse Daurignac attaches to herself the dilettante son of ex-Minister Humbert; Mrs. Hoover disappears in Mrs. Chadwick, the wife of a well-to-do widower prominent as a physician and in society. Both husbands seem to have played a willing and obedient hand in the great game hazarded by their wives. But we should not underrate these husbands; their part if humble was indispensable. Their known position lent plausibility and weight to the else incredible deceptions practised by their better halves. A new Balzac would find a tempting theme in the husbands of great adventuresses. Here we can only hint at its possibilities, while passing on to the campaign these two women waged so startlingly against the avaricious and light-headed in finance.

And here with all regret the flag must come down. The device of the Frenchwoman was more intellectual, better calculated for a sophisticated race of money lenders. Superficially alike, the prime frauds were really different. Mme. Humbert's thoroughly imaginary litigants procured by writ of court the sealing up of alleged millions of disputed securities in a quite visible safe. There was, to be sure, no inventory, but it was always possible to show an impatient creditor the safe, at least, and tell him, "One day the seals will be broken." And about this safe was woven such a web of suits and countersuits that nobody could imagine that such effects were produced without a real cause. Comparable to the safe in the Avenue de la Grande Armée is Mrs. Chadwick's personal mystery and the custodian of her "trust securities." She had the advantage of a list of securities certified by a trust-company officer, and of a trust receipt seemingly acknowledged by Mr. Carnegie. Note the difference, though, that no dubious creditor of Thérèse could have opened the safe and found the collar buttons except by a somewhat difficult legal process, while any banker of Cassie's could have had word with Mr. Carnegie any day and learned the depth of the lie. And here emerges another point of superiority in the Frenchwoman. The Crawfords, the imaginary disputants of the phantom millions, never existed. Legally, however, they had existence, because suits were conducted in their name. Mme. Humbert's detractors, then, were put in the embarrassing position of trying to prove a negative. That is difficult, and there are still people who believe that the Crawfords, though sought in vain in their imaginary addresses, do yet live somewhere, *perdus*, like Venus or Barbarossa in their caves. Mrs. Chadwick's "trustee," on the contrary, is a most palpable reality; a two-cent stamp would have assured anxious lenders that he had no connection with her transactions.

Into the routine of the two impostures it is unnecessary to go. It is interesting to note only that a scandalous background was useful in either case. Mme. Humbert always explained the elusive habits of the Crawfords by their shame at the source of the millions—the treason of Bazaine; Mrs. Chadwick naturally dwelt upon the pain it would give if the veil should be torn from her past. We have here a hint of the *coulisses* of high finance and of further Balzackian possibilities. As for the rest, it is the old sordid story of bribes and bonuses. The victims for the most part deserve little sympathy. They undertook this shady business knowingly, lured by the promise of usury and of fraudulent personal profits. Again, the dénouement is identical: Thérèse in exile and at last in prison without a friend or a franc from those who had crowded her drawing-rooms; Cassie Chadwick, who had lavished her money upon acquaintances far and wide, seeking in vain a few thousand dollars' bail to keep her out of prison.

Her plan, we have said, was inferior to Mme. Humbert's. Yet it served, and if her pretensions had been moderate she might have lived in reasonable affluence all her life. Her personal fiction was in some fashion more crude than Thérèse's legal fiction. Indeed, Mrs. Chadwick's sensational career of dupery attests chiefly the power of snobbishness. Analyzed ruthlessly, her arguments were simply her glamour as a woman of great wealth and personal fascination, and her legend that she had a sure hold upon a multi-millionaire. Both the appearance and the legend were open to examination, but neither investigation was made. Mr. Reynolds, being unwilling to question a fine lady ungallantly, gladly vouched for securities he had not seen; a dozen bankers declined to rake up a possible scandal. This timidity towards flaunted wealth as represented in Mrs. Chadwick and towards great reputation in her alleged protector is a singular instance of a romantic snobbery prevailing over the impersonal laws of business. Because she so accurately measured the force of this money-worship in the people with whom she had to deal, Mrs. Chadwick must be credited with something like genius. Her actual dealings were vulgar enough; originality lay in her choosing a legend that nobody would want to puncture or even dare to probe.

## *THE SAINTE-BEUVE CENTENARY.*

Sainte-Beuve, a century after his birth and a full generation after his death, is still one of the greatest names. No educated person is wholly ignorant of his position as a critic; nearly all whose culture takes the direction of letters have adventured in the delectable country of the "Causeries du Lundi"; all serious critics and students of literature have made him a patron saint; fairer prospects of literary immortality there could scarcely be. We hear occasionally complaint that he lacked doctrine; moralists cannot forgive him the personal frailties of which they learn chiefly through his own confessions; but people of taste regard him as the most delightful and informing of critics, and nobody outside the great creative writers has more quickly and surely won the suffrages of the judicious. Perhaps this very uniformity of praise leads to incomplete appreciation. Sainte-Beuve himself would have been suspicious of a fame of which all men spoke well. In admiring the product classified and displayed in scores of friendly little volumes, we are too likely to forget the method of its production. We need constantly to remind ourselves that these charming and illuminating essays are only secondarily books—except 'Port Royal,' Sainte-Beuve never wrote anything deliberately as an *œuvre*—but journalism which has borrowed the accuracy and dignity of scholarship.

Everybody has read, probably, the reminiscences of Sainte-Beuve's private secretary, who used every week, by order, to wager at astonishingly favorable odds that the promised Monday article for the *Constitutionnel* or *Moniteur* would not be ready on time. Nobody, perhaps, but a journalist can appreciate the labor that went to the preparation and writing of one such essay a week, and he insufficiently, for most of them involved what a more pretentious age calls original research. And when one recalls those fifteen last years in which this weekly production was continuous, it seems as if that period in the "Causeries" and "Nouveaux Lundis" produced criticism to tip the scale against the whole mass. Those essays, as Professor Saintsbury has shrewdly remarked, are the quarry from which almost all casual erudition of a journalistic sort is drawn; they constitute so much of a world of thought that critics as diametrically opposed as the doctrinaire Taine and the dilettante Anatole France may both honestly claim to find their origins in the "Lundis." It is hard to recall another case in which a large body of journalistic criticism, perfectly adapted to its immediate public, has proved transmutable into literature. In fact, to describe the peculiar achievement of that periodical creator of articles we need a new term, less vague than essayist, less reduced to common ends than journalist. In the term *periodista*, a periodical writer regardless of

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the interval, the Spanish have very nearly the true word.

That Sainte-Beuve was a "periodical" of a most extraordinary sort, of a kind possible only in France, perhaps need not be urged at length. Let one consider how intermittent were Lowell's relations with the magazines, or Arnold's, or Pater's. And Sainte-Beuve turned off, week by week, essays not inferior to Lowell's "Dante." Possibly, we may best understand Sainte-Beuve by regarding him as a literary historian, caught young enough to master journalism, but mature enough not to be mastered by it. For, while he painfully learned the trick of writing for the waiting press, he never acquired the impatient habit of mind of the average journalist, nor descended to the conventional short cuts of the trade. The result is that the articles produced under the conditions of stress, so amusingly described by his private secretary, have the tranquil charm of the study and the perfume that haunts the leisure of alcoved libraries.

To account for the success of Sainte-Beuve one has only to reflect on his easily carried learning, the uniform delightfulness of his style, and the presence in France of a cultured audience for criticism. To account for his great and growing authority is more difficult. It was a position to which he laid little claim; there was small trace of the pontiff in his moral make-up. In fact, his ambition for universal sympathy and his preference for obscure subjects in which there was much to investigate, recover, understand, and explain, remove him far from the pragmatists. His effort consciously was to sympathize rather than to judge. With an intellectual curiosity not less than Montaigne's, he had an almost equal skepticism. And if to the challenge *Que sais-je?* he could have replied with the impressive roster of his essays, no one would have more heartily decried the notion that these were final or authoritative. His very conception of criticism as the unravelling of the individual human mystery behind every set of "collected works" precluded the idea of finality. We have, for that matter, a noticeable dearth of generalization in his works; it has been made a reproach.

The feeling of security in his essays, which one by no means finds in the more brilliant series of Jules Lemaître and Anatole France—his disciples, in a way—seems to rest, then, upon the perfect balance of appreciation and judgment. To appreciate with him meant not a contact just sufficient to produce an emotion—the true impressionist way—but it meant experience of all the emotions the subject was capable of producing. To this first stage he brought a singular open-mindedness, an Abraham-like respect for the unaccredited stranger at his tent-flap. And judgment with Sainte-Beuve meant not the application of general axioms, but simply the gradual adjustment of the subject in hand to his well-stocked mind. His task was merely to ascertain the place of any new object in his mental cosmos, and that was almost as inclusive as the world of Western thought. Thus, to repeat a very necessary distinction, his authority, while absolutely personal, was not impressionistic. He prevails not by ostentation of brilliant personal caprice, but by virtue of an experience and a character so exceptional as to carry authority. Perhaps no other writer has upheld the dignity of the critic's function with so much dignity and geniality. It is rarely given to be so uniformly right and with so little self-consciousness.

One is glad to recall, also, that Sainte-Beuve had his fling—a not very edifying green sickness—in poetry. That blunts the edge of the common taunt that the critic is a creative artist *manqué*. It is the sign that the critic, too, possesses the creative temperament, and is merely different from, not really other than, the poet or painter whose work he illuminates. But perhaps the more immediate lesson of the Sainte-Beuve anniversary is the precedent his career offers for the reconciliation of scholarship and journalism. It shows that the student may break the seclusion of his habits without lowering his work to marketplace standards; that literary journalism may be something other than registering the tastes of the day and applauding the notorieties of the moment. Literature has long made Sainte-Beuve her own; journalism, we trust, will one day reclaim him.

## THE PAINTER DAVID.

PARIS, November 15, 1904.

Among the art publications of the "Librairie de l'Art Ancien et Moderne" I have noticed the volume devoted to Louis David, the painter, by Léon Rosenthal, professor at the College of Dijon. David has an eminent place in the history of French art, and made a revolution in it which was a sort of reflex consequence of the French Revolution itself. Art is always influenced by the general state of society, and what could be more different from the society of the eighteenth century, which preceded the French Revolution, than the society which followed it? David was the powerful exponent of a great change; he was the painter of the Revolution and of the Consulate. The "Serment des Horaces," the "Mort de Socrate," the "Sabines," "Marat," the "Coronation of Napoleon," the "Distribution of the First Eagles to the Regiments," the portraits of Pius VII., of Madame Récamier, may be considered documents representative of a dramatic period.

Jacques Louis David was born in Paris on the 30th of August, 1748, of a very humble family. He early showed a great disposition for drawing, and was admitted at the age of seventeen to attendance on the lectures of the Academy of Painting. After many unsuccessful attempts, he was admitted in 1778 as a pupil of the French Academy in Rome. He spent there five years, copied the details of Trajan's Column, the statues of the Capitol, and acquainted himself with the remains of antiquity; he also made several views of Rome, of its monuments, of the Roman Campagna. He sent to Paris (in accordance with the rule of the Roman Academy) several pictures and studies; two of the last, "Patroclus" and "Hector," purely academic, he preserved in his studio all his lifetime. In 1779 he sent a "Saint Jerome," and the year after "Saint Roch interceding with the Virgin Mary for the people smitten by the Plague," a picture which had great success and opened to him, on his return to France, the doors of the Academy. Soon after, he exhibited a "Belisarius recognized by one of his old Soldiers," which obtained a sort of triumph.

After the Exhibition of 1781 and his great success, David, then thirty-three years old, opened an atelier and began the initiation of a new school, inspired by the Greek and Roman models and at the same time by the study of the nude model, which had been much neglected in the eighteenth century. In 1783 he exhibited "Andromache Weeping over the Body of Hector, her Husband," a picture which had but half a success, though David always considered it one of his best. There was in it an evident archæological preoccupation, and the great helmet of Hector excited many criticisms. (To this day a certain sort of painting, which is too much inspired by preoccupation with the ancients, goes in the ateliers under the nickname of the *pompier* style, as our firemen wear helmets like the ancient warriors.) The body of Hector was an evident copy of a cadaver, and thus the double inspiration of David became plainly apparent. It shows also in the still famous picture of the three Horatii, in the "Death of Socrates," and in the "Paris and Helena." The "antique" became the fashion, and the eighteenth-century style was abandoned even in sculpture and in architecture. Drawing-rooms were decorated in what was called the "Etruscan" style. The costumes, the head-dresses, underwent a complete transformation.

During the years which preceded the Revolution, David lived quietly with his family, his pupils; he had become a father. He was received in the great houses, and among others in that of the Duke d'Orléans, where he made the acquaintance of Madame de Genlis. When the Salon of 1789 was opened, the States-General had convened, the Bastille had been taken, the young artists were seen in the exhibition in the costume of the National Guard. David exhibited a "Brutus" (the picture is still at the Louvre). Volney, Lameth, Barnave, whom David had met familiarly, had initiated him into the reformatory ideas which they had borrowed from the philosophers; on the 7th of September, 1789, Madame David figured among the ladies who went to Versailles in order to make to the nation a patriotic gift of their jewels.

When it was decided by the National Assembly to commemorate in a picture the famous "Serment du jeu de paume" at Versailles, David received the order for the painting, which was to be placed in the hall of the Assembly. David's preliminary drawing for it still exists, and produces a somewhat ridiculous effect, as all the deputies, in their various attitudes, are represented completely naked; but it shows how David used the naked model in order

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to give more truth to the gestures and poses. David became a member of the famous Club of the Jacobins, and an organizer of the popular festivals, and on August, 1792, he was chosen Deputy to the National Convention. He took his seat on the benches of the "Montagnards," the more advanced members of the Convention. He had become intoxicated with popularity, and was among those who voted for the execution of Louis XVI. He went so far as to undertake the defence of Marat against Pétion and the Girondists. He became President of the Convention and a member of the too famous Committee of National Safety. He probably took but little part in its deliberations, as he was not familiar with public affairs, but historically he must bear his share of responsibility for the resolutions of this Committee. He remained to the end an admirer of Robespierre. The 9th Thermidor fortunately brought his political career to a close. He was indisposed and absent on the day when Robespierre was arrested in the Convention; otherwise he would probably have shared his fate.

There is a pathetic drawing of David's made during this period. He saw, from a window of the Rue St. Honoré, the Queen Marie Antoinette carried on an open cart to the guillotine. He drew a rapid sketch which in its simplicity has an awful eloquence; the Queen is in very simple clothes, her hands tied behind her back, erect and majestic to the last, looking prematurely old, and, as the Latin poet might have said, "jam pallida morte futura." The artist overcame the Montagnard; nothing could be more eloquent than this simple sketch.

"There is one point," says M. Rosenthal, "on which one would like to have more light. David has been accused of having been one of the partisans of Robespierre who exercised a direct pressure on the Revolutionary tribunal and provoked the assassination of Danton and his friends. If he really committed this crime, passion and the sincerity of his convictions can alone excuse him. But there is a doubt on the subject, and we can neither absolve him nor excuse him."

M. Rosenthal does not share the sentiments of the historians "hostile to the men of 1793"; he finds it necessary to say so. He cannot absolve what he calls the assassination of Danton, as Danton was one of the "men of 1793." But we need not pay much attention to the political sentiments of M. Rosenthal; we will look upon him only as an art-critic. He acknowledges that the Revolution was too iconoclastic, and applauds David for having on different occasions made efforts to preserve the artistic efforts of the past. He does not much admire the costumes which were drawn by David for the representatives of the people. The theatrical representations organized by him had a ridiculous and childish side, which he feels and even dares to criticise. "In the feast of the 'Supreme Being,' all the citizens and the young boys will have in their hands a branch of oak; the women will be adorned with the colors of Liberty. The mothers will have in their hands bouquets of roses, and the girls will have baskets full of flowers." Robespierre, at this festival, fired with a torch a group representing "the odious monster of Atheism." Many are the drawings of David representing models of new triumphal arches, columns, etc. His influence outlasted the Revolution many years; we can see it in all the official costumes of the period of the Directory, of the Consulate, and even of the Empire. The "Style Empire" was really in great part his creation.

The relations of Napoleon with David began after the campaign in Italy. They continued during the Consulate. It was at the request of Napoleon that David made his picture of Bonaparte crossing the Saint Bernard, "calme sur un cheval fougueux." He made at the same time the charming portrait of Madame Récamier, which, though it is not quite finished, remains one of his best works. David is very remarkable as a portrait-painter; his "Madame Récamier," his portrait of Pope Pius VII., are, so to speak, more than portraits—they are real historical documents, as are the large pictures which he made at the request of Napoleon, "The Coronation of the Emperor and the Empress," "The Distribution of the Eagles by Napoleon at the Champ de Mars." This last picture was finished only in 1808. Napoleon went to David's studio to see it, after the interview at Tilsit. He looked long at it, and, before retiring, he bowed to David, and said: "David, je vous salue!" After the fall of the Empire, a law passed in 1816 against the regicides obliged David to exile himself in Brussels. He died there, from a heart complaint, on the 29th of December, 1825. The Belgian artists gave him a solemn funeral, and he was buried in one of the city cemeteries.

# Correspondence.

## THE SOLID SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are some of us more hopeful than Mr. Burnham Wood. The solid South in the last election was not solid merely on a racial question. Many of us who voted for Mr. Parker were voting to get as near individualism as we could get. The South has always been the stronghold of individualism, from the time of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, although in John Marshall she contributed such strength to Federalism as can never be forgot. Although it was an attempt at secession in New England that prompted Jefferson's remark on the benefits of occasional rebellions, the South from the first believed in the truth of those limitations of governmental power which are now relegated entirely to such old-fogy documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

The solid South was in large measure a protest against the iniquity of protection and the embezzlement of the people's private rights by the Government; and the expression of a people whose suffrages had no personal connection with the sinister benefits of our wholesale pension system. If they yet regard benignly that most dangerous of all collectivist bureaus, the Interstate Commerce Commission, it cannot be said that there are not here and there men who appreciate the unspeakably enormous power this appointed board is trying to grasp.

The individualists have certainly been sleeping, lo, these many years; but they begin to awake, and when to this cause we devote ourselves as utterly as the Socialists do, the right shall prevail. There are yet seven thousand in Israel that have not bowed down to Baal. The young men of to-day may be as safely trusted as those of a hundred years ago, and they will make as great sacrifices for liberty.

Very respectfully,

James A. Anderson.

Louisville, Ky., December 6, 1904.

## TARIFF CORRUPTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg to express to you my great admiration of your strenuous fight against the so-called principle of protection. In my opinion, protection is not a principle, but a fact, and a very strong fact, too, founded on greed and ignorance, which are the greatest powers in the world, and are as strong in this country as in the "effete" monarchies of Europe. I am afraid they are even stronger here, and the battle against this combination seems to be more hopeless here than in Europe.

There is a deep abyss between coincidence and consequence, but I think the connection between our protective tariff, Trusts, monopolies, and political corruption is manifest. The coming election of a United States Senator in the State of Washington promises to furnish an object-lesson. Only millionaires apply. The enclosed article, which was published in the *Spokesman-Review* of November 27, tells the tale. Nobody denies the facts, nobody feels ashamed. "What are you going to do about it?" is the general reply. My answer is: "Nothing; and the highest bidder will get there."

Respectfully yours, E. Schrader.

Spokane, Wash., December 2, 1904.

[The editorial caption for the article mentioned above reads: "Might Auction-off Senatorship: Dr. E. Schrader suggests that the State get the proceeds if office is bartered and sold."—Ed. Nation.]

## THE GENERAL STAFF AND DESERTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your brief reference to General Chaffee's first annual report, in the *Nation* of December 1, appear two or three errors which, I am sure, you will be glad to have corrected.

The General Staff is neither "a self-perpetuating body," nor is it "perpetuated by the general officers comprising it." Paragraph 776 of the new regulations provides that

"all vacancies occurring in the General Staff Corps, excepting in the case of the chief of staff, shall be filled on the recommendation of a board of five general officers of the line, not more than two of whom shall be members of the General Staff Corps, convened by the War Department at such times as may be necessary. The board shall be sworn to recommend officers solely on their professional efficiency and probable aptitude and fitness for General Staff service, etc."

Further along appears the statement that the General Staff "will find plenty of opportunity for brain work in puzzling out the reasons why desertions are so very heavy, and why all the prisons and guard-houses are filled to overflowing with our

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military criminals." Desertions are mainly due to the restless spirit of youth, and to the neglect of parents to instil into their sons the obligation of an oath. Old soldiers seldom, almost never, desert. They have learned by the discipline of the service that their oath of enlistment has a meaning. It is, however, a regrettable paradox, but none the less true, that prosperity in the land is liable to work in two ways to the detriment of the enlisted force of a volunteer army like ours. It is liable to lessen the number of applicants for enlistment from the best class of able-bodied young men, and it is liable to induce a desire to get out of the service among the restless spirits, who might otherwise serve faithfully and contentedly through their term of enlistment. Wages outside of the army generally rise and fall with the wave of prosperity, while the pay of the soldier has remained fixed by law. The pay of the soldier ought to be about what the wages of men in his status of life are in civil occupations.

And yet the statement that "all our prisons and guard-houses are filled to overflowing" is an unwarranted exaggeration. The proportion of prisoners is larger than it was wont to be a few years ago, and the cause is not far to seek. The rotten grog-shops, which fringe the outer edge of our military reservations, are the chief cause of it; and all of these have sprung into existence since the "W. C. T. U." combined unwittingly with the grog-shop element and achieved the prohibition of the sale of beer to soldiers at the Post Exchange.—Very respectfully,

M. F. Steele,
Captain Sixth Cavalry.

Fort Leavenworth, Kan., December 4, 1904.

[We had overlooked this very recent change in the regulations. The conditions were as stated a short time ago. In regard to the prisons, General Chaffee's phrase was, that the post guard-houses were "simply crowded to an unsanitary limit."—Ed. Nation.]

## A BOOK "GUESSING."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the recent decision of the United States Attorney-General that guessing contests, where a specified sum is paid for each guess, are illegal, I should like to have your opinion as to the guessing contest proposed by Merrill & Baker, ostensibly to increase the sale of their books. The only condition is that the guesser must buy, for $1, at least one of twenty volumes of the "World's Famous Books," among which are included 'The First Violin,' by Jessie Fothergill; 'Prince of the House of David,' by J. H. Ingraham; and 'Thelma,' by Marie Corelli. In return, he has the privilege of " 'predicting' which will be the ten out of the twenty books sold in the largest quantities before January 31, 1905." "It is not necessary that you name the books in the order in which they sell; simply name the ten which sell in larger quantities than any of the other ten." "For every correct list sent in there is a prize of $150." Any number of "predictions" up to twenty may be made, but not more than twenty. With twenty successful "predictions," then, it is possible to win $3,000.

This scheme has received the cordial approval of Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, and of Dr. Edward E. Hale. Dr. Harris writes: "I am glad you are going to introduce a library of such good books into each family of our land." And Dr. Hale is enthusiastic over this alluring device to get people to purchase good books. "I am much interested in your plan. The only wonder is that it has not been carried out before." In spite, however, of the hearty endorsement of these distinguished gentlemen, it is difficult to see how the scheme differs from the ordinary guessing contests pronounced illegal by the United States Attorney-General. Though each contestant, in return for his dollar, receives an equivalent, in the shape of a "handsome and durable volume, bound in ribbed-silk vellum," he has to solve a problem requiring no skill and no literary judgment, but depending altogether upon chance. The result turns wholly upon the fickle taste of the public and upon the advertising ingenuity of publishers.

Perhaps Dr. Harris and Dr. Hale can enlighten your readers as to the intellectual and moral superiority of such a literary guessing contest. J. M. McBryde, Jr.

University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, December 10, 1904.

# Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish in the spring 'Beaconsfield: A Romance of Queen Victoria's Reign,' by an Englishman.

The coming Schiller celebrations, marking the one-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death, will include recitals and a performance by Mr. Heinrich Conried and his Irving Place Theatre company at the Harvard Sanders Theatre on January 3, 1905, at eight P. M. "The Song of the Bell" will be "accompanied by orchestral music and by tableaux, by undergraduates, after the series of pictures by Kaulbach."

Last spring we spoke favorably of the privately printed Addresses and other papers of the late President J. C. Welling of Columbian University. A limited sale edition has since been printed especially to supply public libraries, and a few copies remain, which can be obtained of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, at $1.50. The book has not been published, and no more copies will be printed.

That comfortable little series of Trollope reprints, edited by Algar Thorold and published by John Lane, has just been enlarged with 'The Bertrams.' Legible type, filling 830 pages, is not incompatible with moderate bulk and lightness for the hand.

Volumes XII. and XIII. of Miss Hapgood's handsomely printed translation of Turgeneff (Scribners) contain the short stories printed in Volume VI. of the Russian edition of the author's works. More of the same class, including the Prose Poems, fill volumes XIV.-XVI. Miss Hapgood's helpful prefaces continue to accompany each volume.

Our Paris correspondent, on the appearance last winter of Waliszewski's 'Ivan le Terrible,' gave us a *précis* of the work in his fortnightly letter. A translation, 'Ivan the Terrible,' has now appeared from the hand of Lady Mary Lloyd (London: Heinemann; Philadelphia: Lippincott). It makes a compact, typographically too condensed, volume of 431 octavo pages. The translation seems competent, and is not unduly literal and stiff, but it were to be wished the authorities so freely and laudably cited had been not bracketed in the text, but rather put at the foot of the page. The translator has slavishly followed the French transliteration of Russian proper names and other words, and this is a pity; the translation is thereby left incomplete—as much, say, as if "Aristote" had been encountered and not altered to Aristotle. There is a bibliography of seventeen pages, and a fairly good index, though the *vons* are put under V instead of the respective letters of the family name—Buchau, Münster, Solms, etc.

From Brentano's we have a fifth edition, extensively overhauled, of E. A. Reynolds-Ball's 'Mediterranean Winter Resorts,' a handy volume (two in one) for the pocket, somewhat faintly printed, but well ordered and full of precise information for the tourist for health or pleasure. The Balearic Isles are rightly praised, and a plea is entered for an efficient service to Port Mahon in place of the poor steamers from Barcelona or Valencia. The islands are visible from the routes of our Mediterranean liners for Genoa. Among the "principal sights," mention should have been made of the Cartuja, for ever associated with George Sand and Alfred de Musset and the winter they spent together there. There is a good map of the Mediterranean in a side-pocket, but it is not coextensive with the range of the work, which even takes in Khartum as a "potential winter resort."

The title of Agnes Repplier's 'Compromises' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), so far as we can make out, fits only one (the tenth, on "The Spinster") of these fourteen brief essays. They range over a rather wide field, from conversation, books, tourists, pilgrims, and the gayety of life, to the more sober reflections inspired by spinsters, executioners, and beggars. In the last essay Miss Repplier forsakes these general themes to relate the story of the short life of Allegra, Lord Byron's natural daughter. Miss Repplier's style crystallized long ago into the neat and graceful periods familiar to her readers. Her short essays are models of their kind, well-rounded, well-groomed, well-furnished with quotations, seasoned with just the right amount of humor, the right number of epigrams, the precise flavor of sarcasm that secures them from insipidity. Miss Repplier can so revive a platitude that the jaded eye will mistake it for a fresh flower of thought. She weaves in her quotations so skilfully that the reader will often fail to perceive that, having set out to read Miss Repplier, he has really been generously entertained with the wit and philosophy of at least a score of writers. It is a triumph of dexterity to quote seven authors in two short pages, to credit each one with his contribution, and with all this to suffuse the whole with one's own personality, which really has had no space to bloom except in the transitional sentences. There are many who would never encounter these jewels of sententious wit if Miss Repplier's

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industry had not grouped them together in a modern setting when she had torn them from the old. Hers is not a style that lends itself to quotation by a reviewer; one does not offer a fragment of the setting as a proof that a diamond is well-set. Each little study is an artistic whole, and we can only recommend the volume to all who appreciate the art of writing light essays.

'The Misfit Crown' (D. Appleton & Co.), by Miss Frances Davidge, is the first effort of a young writer. As such it is naturally crude, but shows invention and a certain cleverness that may develop into something more. There is one peculiarity about it, however, which gives it a sort of philological interest, and which will certainly contribute to the gayety of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, if the book should ever travel so far. The scene is laid in England, and all the characters are English, but they talk the dialect of New York, and on every page may be found expressions that are quite unknown to English people. For instance, Lady Carnifex remarks: "If only one could have *gotten up gall enough to be eaten by lions*"; and the same lady describes a friend as constantly *spatting* with her husband. Now it is safe to say that no English lady would have used either expression, and that no Anglo-Saxon who had not travelled in America could even guess at the meaning of *spat*. When attention is called to the matter, it is surprising how numerous these idiomatic differences are; and the greater frequency of travel nowadays does not appear to foster uniformity of expression between the two branches of the family except within narrow limits.

There is a singular paradox in the attitude of the American people towards foreign missions. The old fervor in saving the souls of the heathen is undoubtedly gone; in its place has come a certain impatience on the part of many or most towards the whole subject. But the movement itself shows no signs of abating. The books produced by it are year by year of a higher class—more sober, scholarly, intelligent; and very soon it may be impossible to put them, as has been done so long, in a division apart, like the late Mr. Fiske's "eccentric literature." That the movement is changing in method and aim seems certain; its leading minds have clearly recognized the situation and have struck into a new path. But the American public, being still in a state of general muddledness as to its interracial problems, has not yet caught the change, and its mental image corresponding to "missionary" continues to wear a black coat and to be an evangelist simply. Among the books destined to lead them out of this, Mr. Robert Speer's 'Missions and Modern History' (Revell) must take an honorable place. Those even who have no interest in missions as such will see their bearing and weight on the historical situations and problems which he here treats. All but two deal with Asia; and in Asia, for the first time for centuries, a non-Aryan race, in a series of pitched battles, has just defeated an Aryan race. That the last attempt of Europe to overrun and hold Asia is either about to fail—as all before have failed—or to suffer an essential change, is clear. It is also clear that Asia is full of new movements and ferments produced or affected by Christianity. The part of Christianity, then, in it all, whether by indirect influence or direct doctrine, is Mr. Speer's subject, and he has handled it very sanely and with full knowledge. He deals largely in quotation, but his authorities are sound, and his book is well worth reading.

In the winter of 1900-1, Prof. Heinrich Schäfer varied his Egyptological labors at the excavations being made for the Berlin Museum at Abusir by writing down a collection of folk-songs from the dictation of the native watchman. The result was one of the best little collections of modern Arabic popular songs which we possess—very short, very pointed, and very significant for the life, thoughts, and customs of the Egyptian fellahin. For a non-Arabist, disclaiming also all musical training, Prof. Schäfer's Arabic text is wonderfully reliable. The whole—Arabic in transliteration, translation, and notes—has now been reproduced very charmingly in English by Mrs. J. H. Breasted ('Songs of an Egyptian Peasant,' Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs). Her rendering may serve also as a second edition of the German, as it gathers up the results of the reviews, especially the long and suggestive one by Vollers in the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society.

Socrates Spiro Bey, who has already done good work in his unique dictionary of modern Egyptian Arabic, has just published a 'Note' on the Italian words in the same dialect (Cairo: Al-Mokattam Printing Office). Dedicated to the lamented Prof. Willard Fiske, it shows the system of transliteration derived from Spitta and approved by him, and, although a simple vocabulary—Arabic text, transliteration, meaning, Italian original—is a most creditable breaking of ground in a new field.

The question of expense played a very small part in the publication of the monograph on 'The Tomb of Thoutmosis IV.,' which contains the results of the excavation of that king's tomb by Mr. Theodore M. Davis of Newport, Rhode Island (London: Archibald Constable & Co.). The work was undertaken in January, 1902, and was most systematic and thorough. It was under the superintendence of the Inspector-General of the Services des Antiquités, Mr. Howard Carter, who furnishes the introduction, an account of the discovery of the tomb and the removal of its contents. Associated with him in his work as represented in this stately volume was Mr. Percy E. Newberry, whose name is already widely known in connection with the work done in years past for the Egypt Exploration Fund. Others also have been impressed into the task of preparing a model volume. Dr. Gaston Maspero, whose name is a synonym for Egyptian archæology, has contributed an essay on the king's life and monuments, and Dr. G. Elliot Smith, professor of anatomy in the Egyptian Government school of medicine at Cairo, gives in great detail an account of the results of a searching, even a microscopic, examination of the physical characteristics of the mummy which is preserved in the Cairo Museum. Following and completing all is a detailed catalogue of the objects found in the tomb, with careful measurements, exact descriptions, and numerous half-tones and woodcuts illustrating nearly all of the objects. From the foregoing it will be evident why the volume is to be characterized as a model in conception and execution. It places in the hands of the learned world of specialists a transcript of all the important and pertinent facts, and representations of the objects which the investigator desires to see and handle. Next to physical examination of the objects themselves is such a volume as this, an *édition de luxe* in its field.

The Library of Congress issued for the St. Louis Exposition three small pamphlets of "Notes," describing the work of the Library, its exhibit, and the special exhibit of the Catalogue Division. The last-named contained an account of the catalogues, classification, and card-distributing work of the library, and this has, together with circulars which initiated the work, been reprinted as Bulletin No. 7 of the Card Section. It appears that about three-fifths of the cards sold are on order by author and title, the subscribers in most cases not knowing beforehand whether cards for the books in question may be obtainable or not. In other cases cards are ordered by serial numbers, which have generally been obtained from the proof-sheets distributed by the Library of Congress to a number of other libraries. Another way to subscribe, namely, by subjects, is used, not only by libraries having special collections, but by individual subscribers, specialists, and bibliographers, as well as by commercial firms. Bulletin No. 8 gives a list of subscribers to printed cards, including such individuals as have deposited $3 or more for cards. These, with a few commercial firms, number 30, out of a total of 420 subscribers.

The 'Naturgeschichte der Menschen' of Dr. Stratz (Stuttgart) bears the subtitle "Grundriss der somatischen Anthropologie." It is thus one of the first treatises on Man to employ a convenient and apt term likely to come in vogue. Stratz is one of those who contend for the importance of measurements and photographic reproductions of the proportions of the living human body as distinguished from the study of its anatomy and internal structure. He is known as the author of 'Die Schönheit des Weiblichen Körpers,' 'Der Körper des Kindes,' and other works constructed along similar lines. In conformity with his idea, he has devoted much space to the canons of proportion and growth, and has illustrated them very graphically with diagrams and well-selected photographs. He is also a careful student of the work of his predecessors, and presents an admirable brief account of the history of anthropological research, of embryological development, etc. His diagrams, often colored, very clearly illustrate such points, for example, as the differences between the crania of man and the anthropoids; between the crania of Spy, the *Pithecanthropus erectus*, and the orang, and the like. The chapter on rudimentary organs profits by pertinent illustration to a degree rare in anthropological works; and that on the races of mankind draws its types from the best available photographs of such men as Fritsch, Hagen, Günther, and Nieuwenhuis. The colored race and language-charts are also models of their kind; and the print and get-up of the volume are of a correspondingly high order. For an English public some modification of taste in the selections is desirable.

A valuable contribution to our knowledge of the life and character of the distinguished Munich artist recently deceased is the

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volume entitled 'Franz von Lenbach: Gespräche und Erinnerungen,' edited by W. Wyl (Stuttgart). The material is derived from conversations, reminiscences, and occasional letters, in which Lenbach gives expression to his views with the rather reckless freedom and rude sincerity for which he was noted. In the early part of his career he was employed by Count Schack at a fixed salary to copy masterpieces of Italian and Spanish painters for the Count's well-known picture gallery in Munich, now the property of the German Emperor. In these communications Lenbach speaks very disparagingly of Schack, not only as a connoisseur, but also as a patron of art. The first allegation may have some foundation, although in this case the decision is determined more or less by individual taste; but the assertion that he showed a lack of proper appreciation and corresponding liberality as a Mæcenas in the province of art is groundless, and is refuted not only by the testimony of other artists in the same position, but also by the letters of Lenbach written at the time, in which he expresses his gratitude for Schack's munificence, manifested repeatedly by the increase of Lenbach's salary without the slightest solicitation on his part. That the patron may have expressed his admiration of paintings which Lenbach regarded as of no great value, is possible, but he was certainly neither narrow-minded nor niggardly in his relations to the artists whom he employed as copyists.

In a characteristic speech at the opening of a Carnegie library at West Calder, Scotland, Lord Rosebery dwelt on the limitations of book knowledge and the dangers of too much reading. Referring to the writers of old who were being buried under the "enormous shower of books" which every year fell upon the earth, he said: "In literature they needed one who should act the part of the muezzin on the tower of the mosque summoning faithful Mahommedans to prayer—one who should raise his voice and recall the names of good books and good authors that stood in danger of being forgotten." And, acting on his own suggestion, he closed by saying "that if they wanted mental refreshment, and to take large, broad, and generous views of life, they should drink deeply of the draughts of eloquence, wit, and common sense furnished by the works of Sydney Smith."

The completion of the Orenburg-Tashkent railway is an event of both commercial and strategic importance. It follows for thirteen hundred miles the old caravan road over which for two centuries the Bactrian camels brought the silks of Khiva and the carpets of Bokhara to Europe, and brings the cotton-growing region of Central Asia into direct communication with the Moscow mills. Up to the present time the product of these cotton plantations has not been able to compete with American or Egyptian cotton, partly from its inferior quality, but mainly from the cost of transportation. This obstacle to the development of the industry is now removed, and a correspondent of the London *Times* states that there is a great improvement in the preparation of the crop, through cleansing machinery purchased in the United States. "New and better plants have been grown from imported seed." The strategic importance of the new railway, which will be opened for passenger traffic in July, 1905, lies in the fact that it brings Central Asia into direct communication with the heart of the empire. Tashkent, henceforth, will be the "advanced base of the Russians in Asia." The railway is the creation of the Russian Minister of Public Works and Railways, Prince Khilkoff. Of him the correspondent says that, imitating the example of Peter the Great at Zaandam, he worked in America as a plate-layer. He also learned there the value of time and truth, so lightly estimated by the mass of his countrymen.

The first congress of the International Society for Surgery has been called to meet in Brussels in September of next year. The programme has already been announced, and will cover the leading problems of the day in this department of research. Only members of the Association are expected to participate. Specialists from Berlin, Berne, Vienna, Leipzig, and other medical centres have promised papers. Professor Kocher of Berne is the chairman of the Congress.

A special international commission, consisting of Sir Richard Jebb, Professors Diels, Gompers, Heiberg, Krumbacher, Leo, and Perrot, with the first-mentioned as chairman, was appointed by the General Convention of the International Association of the Academies of Sciences, at its London meeting, to take the preliminary steps looking toward the preparation of a Thesaurus of the Greek language, on a scale to correspond with the Latin Thesaurus now preparing by the Berlin Academy. The project is principally advocated by English scholars. The Germans declared that for the present they could contribute neither aid nor money, as they were sufficiently occupied with the Latin Thesaurus. Krumbacher of Munich contends that the limit proposed by the English scholars, viz., 630 A. D., for scientific and practical reasons is untenable, as it ignores the Byzantine period.

The Institute of International Law, recently assembled in Edinburgh, decided to hold its next convention in Ghent, with Professor Rolin of the University of Ghent as presiding officer. The Institute passed a resolution expressing a wish that the different states would discuss the questions connected with the neutrality problem, and effect an agreement in harmony with the needs of the times.

The Massachusetts Historical Society, at its recent regular meeting in Boston, on Thursday last, December 8, voted to place the name of Prof. Goldwin Smith on its Honorary Roll. It has already been stated in the *Nation* that, under the rules of this Society, its Honorary Roll is limited to ten names, those upon it being carefully selected on grounds of historical writing or research, and all men of international reputation. At the November meeting of this society Mr. John Morley, since 1891 a Corresponding Member, was, in recognition of his Life of Gladstone, made an Honorary. Professor Smith has been for forty years a Corresponding Member, having been chosen in 1864, on his first visit to the United States. He is now in his eighty-second year. His is the ninth name on the Roll, those preceding him being Professor Masson, Carl Schurz, Mr. Bryce, Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Professor Villari, Henry C. Lea, Professor Harnack, and Mr. Morley. This noticeable list is fairly well distributed as respects nationality; but the absence of any representative of France is somewhat surprising, in view of the preëminence of the French school of historical research. The names of Sorel, Gaston Boissier, Lavisse, and Hanotaux spontaneously suggest themselves as worthy to fill the one remaining vacancy in the Roll.

Dr. William Everett writes to us:

"In reply to my lively and generous critic in the last *Nation*, I would ask him to turn to page 25, and see if I have wholly neglected the patriotic odes of Petrarch. He has been only too gentle with misprints for which I am responsible. Especially on page 225, three lines from the bottom, *Even so* is misprinted for *Nor do*. Neither have I any excuse for misplacing Recanati. I am very glad to be wrong about Carducci's death; an error into which I was led by one of our first *Italianisti*. Will the reviewer believe me when I say that I never read Goethe's 'Tasso'?"

—If writing the lives of men of letters causes their works to be read, we may heartily welcome Mr. Francis W. Hirst's 'Adam Smith' (Macmillan). The restoration of privilege has gone so far as to make timely the counsel which Smith offered to his generation and which ours has sadly neglected. It is true, as Mr. Hirst says, that Mr. John Rae's 'Life of Adam Smith' left little for his successors to glean. The discovery of a copy of Smith's lectures, which Mr. Cannan edited and published in 1896, was of importance to scholars. It showed that Smith had not neglected the theory of consumption, and threw much light on his intellectual methods. Nevertheless, we think that we owe the present book to the necessity of including Adam Smith among "English Men of Letters," rather than to any demand for information concerning his life and work. However this may be, Mr. Hirst has performed his task in many respects extremely well. He is a clever writer, and he has made a very readable book. His exposition of Smith's ethical theories, as well as of his economic doctrines, is not beyond criticism. Leslie Stephen, for example, calls attention to several points that Mr. Hirst scarcely appreciates. Nor can we deny that to many —although not to us—Mr. Hirst's praise will seem occasionally undiscriminating, if not extravagant. But, on the whole, the sketch is true and strong. We get a clear impression of Smith's personality; and, considering the dearth of material, a remarkably full account of his private as well as his professional life. Those who are familiar with both his works and his career will not be unwilling to accept this new appreciation; and those who are not, may well use it to make the acquaintance of one who was as estimable as a man as he was great as a philosopher.

—When Major Martin Hume writes on 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth' and 'The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots,' he does not approach these subjects from the side of romance. He is a political historian for whom marriage negotiations are important as affecting the action of States. 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth' we noticed on its appearance, but in the revised edition (McClure) there are two fresh chapters of a somewhat different character from the body of the work. In these, Major Hume, at the request of various correspondents, takes up Elizabeth's private morals, and discusses them from a biographical rather than from a political

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standpoint. The Queen's relations with her own courtiers, particularly Leicester and Hatton, gave rise to contemporary scandals, which spread widely through England and the Continent. Simier, the Duke of Anjou's agent during the period of his marriage negotiations with Elizabeth, was also brought by gossip into the circle of her unlawful lovers. Major Hume, after a recital of the evidence in various cases, inclines to exonerate the Queen from the charges of misconduct so frequently brought against her. Of the separate subjects treated in these new chapters, the most interesting relates to an alleged son of Elizabeth and Leicester. Floating rumors of such a personage are not infrequent, coming, among other places, from Venice; but Major Hume, since he published the first edition of this book, has found at Simancas a detailed and circumstantial story. In 1587, just when the Armada was being equipped, a young Englishman, dressed as a pilgrim, was arrested in northern Spain within a short distance of the French border. Charged with being a spy, he said that his name was Arthur Dudley, and that he was a son of Elizabeth and Leicester. Philip II.'s English secretary at this time was Sir Francis Englefield, and when the prisoner was brought before him he had the whole story set down in writing. It was a narrative which occupies five pages of Major Hume's book, and contains a number of plausible statements. Whoever made it had been coached for the purpose, even if the tale be thought fictitious. The man, however, was probably a spy who thought it safer to be prepared with some kind of a story in case of arrest. We can hardly believe that Elizabeth, Leicester and Walsingham would have permitted a genuine Arthur Dudley to wander about telling stories of the kind just indicated. Walsingham, for instance, had an excellent corps of spies, and generally knew what was going on both at home and abroad. But Elizabeth, even if she was all she claimed to be—*virgo virginum præclara*—had a great talent for sailing close to the wind.

—The fifth volume of the 'History of North America,' edited by Dr. Guy Carleton Lee (Philadelphia: Barrie), bears the title of 'The Colonization of New England.' It is ground of offence to some that the story of New England origins has been told so largely by New England men, and that the share of the New England colonies in the making of America has been so insistently dwelt upon. Dr. Lee, whose prefatory remarks suggest that he is himself not wholly a stranger to this feeling, has entrusted the New England volume of his series to disinterested hands, in the hope of thereby securing a juster appraisal of historical values. We do not discover, however, that the author of the volume, Prof. B. B. James of Western Maryland College, has produced a work which will startle any New England reader, or change materially the general estimate of the significance of the New England colonies in American history. The book before us is a well-written, and, as a whole, well-proportioned popular summary of New England history, from the day of colonial beginnings to the eve of the Revolution. The problem of giving an impression of unity to the annals of half a dozen different colonies, or groups of settlements, whose several developments were very unequal and whose careers often had no common motive, is certainly difficult; but we are disposed to credit Professor James with a success, in this particular, at least as great as that of any previous worker in the same field. As regards the selection and presentation of facts, too, that in general calls for no adverse comment; the story has been told many times, and one may not demand great originality of a popular narrative. We must note as substantial limitations, however, the slight attention paid to governmental and administrative topics, such as political methods, taxation and expenditure, the land system, and the Indian policy; to the organization and government of the Church; and, particularly in Massachusetts, to the development of clerical influence. The account of the Roger Williams episode in Massachusetts, especially in its later phases, is so brief as to convey no adequate idea of its significance. A similar judgment of inadequacy, so far as allotment of space is concerned, must be passed upon the treatment of the Seven Years' War; and we miss a clear exposition of the economic situation which, from the beginning of the eighteenth century, laid in large part the foundation for revolution. It may be that some of these omissions are to be supplied in later volumes of the series; if so, they will be less serious blemishes in this one. The volume, like its predecessors, is liberally illustrated, chiefly with portraits, though the pictures continue to be distributed with little regard to the subject matter of the text.

—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of the distinguished German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach, who was born July 24, 1804, and died September 13, 1872, is being worthily commemorated by a new and complete edition of his works in ten volumes prepared by Professors Wilhelm Bolin of the University of Helsingfors and Friedrich Jodl of the University of Vienna, and published by F. Frommann in Stuttgart. Three volumes have just appeared, and the others will soon follow. In 1891 Professor Bolin published a work entitled 'Ludwig Feuerbach, sein Wirken und seine Zeitgenossen' (Stuttgart: Cotta), in which Feuerbach's importance as a thinker and his influence on contemporary ideas and on the evolution of modern philosophy are clearly and consecutively set forth. He has now issued as a centenary memorial two volumes of letters written by or to Feuerbach, and covering a period of more than fifty years (1820-1871), and preceded by a biographical introduction of 211 pages, in which the personality of Feuerbach, the most prominent features of his character and the general course of his intellectual development, are admirably portrayed. The letters are carefully selected, and serve as an excellent elucidative supplement to the biography ('Ausgewählte Briefe von und an Ludwig Feuerbach'; Leipzig: Otto Wigand). A highly attractive and suggestive treatise is also Professor Jodl's 'Ludwig Feuerbach,' which forms the seventeenth volume of a series of monographs entitled "Klassiker der Philosophie," edited by Professor Falckenberg of Erlangen, and published by Frommann in Stuttgart. It is a succinct and singularly lucid exposition of Feuerbach's philosophical system, the psychological problems which he sought to solve, his views of the origin and essence of religion, and his conception of anthropology as the key to theology.

—For three generations, embracing the greater part of the nineteenth century, the Feuerbachs held a prominent place in German science, literature and art. The first to render the name distinguished was Paul Joseph Anselm Feuerbach, an eminent jurist, especially in the department of criminal law. Of his five sons, the oldest, Joseph Anselm, was a well-known philologist and archæologist; the second, Karl Wilhelm, acquired distinction as a mathematician; the third, Eduard August, devoted himself to jurisprudence, and the fifth, Friedrich Heinrich, to the study of Oriental and modern languages. Of the later descendants, the artist Anselm, son of the above-mentioned Joseph Anselm, became noted as an historical and *genre* painter, and died at Venice, January 4, 1880, in the fifty-first year of his age; his biography by Julius Allgeyer appeared in 1894, and was duly noticed in these columns. Of all the members of the Feuerbach family the fourth son, Ludwig Andreas, the philosopher, has become the most celebrated, and exerted the most powerful and permanent influence on his contemporaries, and especially on the intellectual tendencies of the present day.

—Again we have to record the death of an old and valued contributor to the *Nation*, John White Chadwick, who passed away on December 11, almost at the very close of the fortieth year of his pastorate with the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. His connection with this journal began in volume one, with a notice of the Life of Edward Irving; and his latest printed review was of Ward's Life of Aubrey de Vere six weeks ago. In the vast body of his writing between these two extremes, biography was always a favorite field, concurrently with the religious evolution on both sides of the water. He was at home alike with the Concord Transcendentalists and with the leaders of the Oxford Movement. Not less he was in sympathy with the anti-slavery and allied reforms. The range of his knowledge and his interests was thus uncommonly wide, and was maintained and enlarged by prodigious industry in reading. In spite of his weekly sermon and his pastoral cares, he never refused welcome to a new book, and his services as a reviewer were far from being monopolized by the *Nation*. In theology he belonged to the liberal wing of his denomination, and his biographies of Theodore Parker and of Channing are part of his enduring monument as a sectarian and man of letters. He was, besides, a poet worthy of the Essex County muse, if not in the front rank, and his collected verse has met with wide acceptance, while the anthologies have not failed to give him a place in their bede-roll. A native of Marblehead, born October 19, 1840, the son of a sea-captain, his poetry was tinged with wave and shore; but his summer home was at Chesterfield, in the hill country of Hampshire County, Mass., and his metrical expression had, like Freedom, two voices, one of the sea, one of the mountains. Mr. Chadwick's life was as full as it was uneventful. His education was at the Bridgewater Normal School, at Exeter Academy, and at the Harvard Divinity School, from which last he went straight

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to his long ministry. Persistency was stamped on his frank, honest, weather-beaten, sailor-like countenance, and that joy of lively occupation which he enforced in his "Carpe Diem." His very manner was breezy. Every faculty was alert, and what he did was done ardently and energetically. His nature was tender as became his vocation, but courageous, holding nothing back in his messages to his people, in times of deep political feeling when the pulpit and the pews were not always in accord. He spoke consistently for freedom—of the mind and in public conduct; against oppression, privilege, and corrupt government. In this he was at one with his friend and country neighbor, the late George William Curtis. In 1888 Mr. Chadwick received from Harvard the well-merited honorary degree of M.A. Of the three ports of Birth, Life, and Death figured in his "Sealed Orders," he has now entered the last, suddenly, but not without a year's premonition, and also serenely, without misgiving; and pausing for the first time in the work which his hands found to do with a high and lasting beneficence.

## PRINCESS RADZIWILL'S MEMOIRS.

*My Recollections.* By Princess Catherine Radziwill. James Pott & Co. 1904.

It must have given the authoress great pleasure to jot down her varied and interesting Recollections, as it gives the reader pleasure to peruse them. But one cannot help wondering whether the wiser and more satisfactory plan would not have been for the Princess to devote more time to the undertaking, tell the entire truth about all the interesting people, royal and otherwise, whom she has known, in detail, and the political secrets into which (as she frequently suggests) she was initiated, and then leave the record to be published at a discreet interval after her death. In that way she would undoubtedly have reaped a rich harvest of posthumous fame, of a quality which is perforce now denied her. Such a volume might have taken high rank among the celebrated contributions to history from individuals endowed with exceptional ability, powers of observation and expression, and opportunities for getting behind the scenes in the highest society of all countries. As it is, she is, in a way, compelled to apply to nearly every one she mentions all the flattering adjectives in her Book of Synonyms, which produces a rather deadening effect upon the reader, and evokes incredulity, as well as a mental query as to her object in writing the book at all.

By birth and marriage the Princess had access to the highest spheres. Her paternal great-aunt was the wife of King Stanislas Leszczinski, whose daughter became the wife of King Louis XV. of France. Her husband's paternal grandmother had been a Princess of Prussia, a niece of Frederick the Great. Through marriages of her own relatives and of the great and prolific Radziwill family she is allied with the most prominent houses in all countries of the Continent. These alliances, added to the important official posts held by relatives, brought her into close touch with the most highly-placed personages and the most interesting political events of her day. Moreover, one of her aunts married a French author, M. Jules Lacroix, brother of the famous "Bibliophile Jacob," and had a famous salon in Paris, where the celebrities of Europe were wont to congregate. Another aunt was the Madame Hanska whose correspondence with Balzac—whom she afterwards married—is famous. The Princess narrates the romantic circumstances connected with the marriage, chiefly for the purpose of correcting "the many untruths which have been written about it." She says of her aunt:

"She has gone down to posterity as the woman whom Balzac loved, whilst she deserved to have been known as the one being to whom he was indebted for the development of his marvellous genius, and also as his collaborator in many of his works. For instance, the novel called 'Modeste Mignon' is almost entirely written by her pen, and certainly some of her husband's best books have had something or other added to them by her hand."

Of her aunt and Balzac she gives interesting details, and, as she often visited both the aunts in Paris, she came into contact with literary as well as with fashionable society.

Married, at the age of fifteen and a half years, to Prince Wilhelm Radziwill, the Princess took up her residence at Berlin in the old Radziwill Palace, since bought by the State, which sheltered an enormous family, all of them more or less uncomfortably, and began her career of observation behind the scenes at a most interesting period, the year 1873. Special facilities were afforded by the fact that Emperor William I. had, as a young man, been deeply in love with his cousin, the aunt of the writer's husband, and "always looked upon her family with eyes different from those with which he looked upon the rest of the world." Hence frequent invitations to the most select and intimate royal functions, whose dreary monotony and stupidity the Princess vividly describes. She became a stanch friend and enthusiastic admirer of the Empress Frederick, whom she calls alternately by that title and by the title of "Crown Princess," after her accession to the throne, as she has previously called William I. and his wife both "King" and "Emperor," "Queen" and "Empress," respectively, in the same sentence, often with bewildering results. In the latter case, a certain reason for the practice is furnished in an anecdote which represents the Emperor William insisting on calling his wife "the Queen" to his son, while the latter, with equal obstinacy, persisted in referring to her as "the Empress." However, as a rule, the Princess's English is wonderfully accurate and expressive, while her talent for vivid portraiture of personalities is of a very high order, and her powers of psychical analysis are quite extraordinary. Of the Emperor William I. she says:

"In spite of all his gentleness and genuine amiability, the old Kaiser was at heart a furious autocrat, and did not brook contradiction even to the smallest extent. . . . He was certainly one of the most remarkable monarchs of the century, and, with abilities which did not rank above the average, he contrived, only through his sense of duty, to achieve far greater results than even Frederick the Great, with all his genius, had performed. . . . I do not think, in spite of Prince Bismarck's memoirs, or of the Crown Prince's diary, that the public at large has realized the extent of his ambition. He was, without doubt, covetous of his neighbors' possessions."

And with regard to the situation after 1870 she says:

"If Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and the different minor States of South Germany could have been swept away, as was the kingdom of Hanover in 1866, he would have been delighted to cover himself with the purple of the Cæsars, but it jarred upon his nerves to find he had, if only in appearance, to share his authority with other monarchs whom he secretly despised. In this respect the Crown Prince resembled his father, but in a different way. . . . Whilst the old Emperor was always conscious of the dignity of the crown, his son thought more about that of the wearer of it."

In speaking to the Princess about the results of the Berlin Congress, the Emperor told her that he "had been horrified at the emancipation of the Jews in Rumania." Of the Emperor Frederick she says:

"He was everything that is noble, everything that is good. . . . His political abilities have been discussed. It is certain that he had not the proud conviction of the nobility of his mission which distinguished his father, nor the brilliancy which characterizes his son, but he had a rectitude of opinions and a sound common sense which would have carried him through any difficulty, public or private."

The writer's characterization of Bismarck, which is one of the best in the book, is too long even to summarize, but she narrates one striking instance of his methods, which occurred in her connexion. The Chancellor suspected some members of her husband's family of intriguing against him. He did not dare attack them openly without positive proofs which he could lay before the Emperor; and such proofs it was next to impossible to procure. Accordingly he adopted the expedient of a domiciliary visit from the police. Under the pretext of searching the papers of the secretary to her brother-in-law (who was a highly respected and influential member of the Reichstag as well), the police took possession of the room in the Radziwill Palace where the secretary worked, and examined all the papers of the Princess's brother-in-law and cousins.

Equally interesting with the Princess's memories of life in Berlin are her memories of Russian life and affairs. Born a Countess Rzewuska, and Polish by blood on her father's side, she was Russian through her mother and her own birth; while her husband, also of Polish extraction, became naturalized in Russia in the eighties. Through her exalted connections at the court of Russia, as well as owing to her own beauty, sparkling vivacity, and charm (of which her attractive portrait as frontispiece conveys no conception, and which she does not mention herself, of course), she had access to all that was best and most interesting in Russia. Her brother was one of the Russian officers who joined the insurgents in the Servian and Montenegrin revolt of 1876. Neither the Emperor, Alexander II., nor his counsellors wished for the war which followed the short-lived enthusiasm for their cause in Moscow and the country districts. All the officers who went to the insurgents, she says, "came back more or less disgusted with their cowardice and untrustworthiness." But by that time it was too late; war had been declared, and the waning enthusiasm was rekindled. We in America can fully appreciate the situation of having the Government forced into war. Fired by enthusiasm for rescuing their fellow-Christians, the army was profoundly

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disappointed when, at San Stefano, already within sight of Constantinople, it was forced to retreat, and lose all for which it had so valiantly fought.

"They lost every confidence in their sovereign," says the writer, "as well as every affection for him. They made him personally responsible for this ruin of their fondest hopes. . . . Nihilism and anarchism became a possibility from that day. . . . I really believe—and I am not the only one who does so—that had a kind Providence removed Alexander II. on the morrow of the war, Nihilism would never have spread in the way it did, or, at least, would not have been sympathized with by so many people. It proceeded more from dislike of a particular sovereign than from hatred of the monarchical system. . . . His reign had begun in such a burst of enthusiasm, had been hailed with such hopes, that it was bound to become a burden to all those who had prophesied that it would be one of the greatest in Russian history. From the moment people realized that their desires could never be fulfilled, the Emperor was doomed. . . . He had, sooner or later, to fall a victim to the hopes he had raised. . . . At heart, he had never intended to grant to his people the liberties of the nations which are constitutionally governed."

In short, the writer attributes the Emperor's assassination chiefly to the Russo-Turkish war, with its immense expenditure of blood and treasure, for the eventual benefit of England primarily, and Germany in a secondary degree—to the total exclusion of Russia. But it must be observed. with regard to the final assertion which we have just quoted, that she contradicts herself two pages further on, and says: "It is certain that the granting of a Constitution had been decided upon by the Emperor, his wife, and Count Loris [Melikoff]. The document was prepared and signed, and was to be made public on the declaration of the sovereign's marriage" (to the Princess Dolgoruky, afterwards known as Princess Yurievsky). The Princess quotes her father as having told her what Nicholas I. had said to him a few days before his death, when he already knew that the end was approaching. "It was to the effect that his son, should he launch into the reforms he projected, would not die in his bed, but perish under the knife or ball of an assassin." She adds that, very soon after the Emperor's marriage to Princess Dolgoruky, and the elevation of her children to be Serene Highnesses, "rumors went round that the new consort of the sovereign was going to be publicly regognized as such, and crowned solemnly at Moscow. Whether this rumor, which I believe was well founded, would have become an accomplished fact or not, I cannot, of course, tell; but it is certain that if it did not lead to the catastrophe of March 13 [the assassination of the Emperor], it mitigated a good deal of the horror which followed upon its execution."

The first winter the Princess spent in St. Petersburg was that of 1881, and from that time on there is much that is of interest about Russia and its prominent men in her memories. She was present at the coronation of Alexander III., and takes occasion to correct various inaccuracies of Mme. Waddington's account of the festivities on that occasion. She also describes the wedding and the coronation of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, and expresses her opinions of their characters, as well as of the characters of many persons and events connected with them, interspersed with memories of her journeys to Turkey, Egypt, England, France, and Germany, and sketches of the statesmen and prominent women whom she met. In conclusion, she gives (by request) an "appreciation" of the late Cecil Rhodes, which must prove of value to the students of character in general, and of his rather puzzling nature and career in particular. She refrains, until a later volume, from a narration of her meeting and connection with him, which resulted in so much trouble for her. One is struck by her apparent fairness, even generosity, under the circumstances, in her description of him.

"In spite of all the harm he has done me," she says, "it is impossible for me to mention his name with anything but admiration for the great talents as well as the magnificent qualities which made him such an exceptional creature, and I would like to give him, or rather his memory, a last proof of affection by showing him as he really was, with all his faults and all his good points, a man of extraordinary talents who, under different circumstances, might have risen to those heights where, according to the Russian poet's words, 'one gets so near to God that one begins to understand him.'"

She considers that the bane of Rhodes's life was that he never knew who were his real friends, and allowed himself to be influenced by interested and unscrupulous people. His great weakness, she says, lay in his inability to own himself in the wrong. "He had a character so complicated that I doubt whether any one has really understood it, or whether he understood it himself." In fact, like the rest of her narrative, this chapter is of extraordinary interest. On the whole, it may be said that, while the book hardly rises to the level of the greatest historical memoirs, its author has all the talents required for producing such a work, if she should deem it expedient to adopt the requisite attitude towards her material.

## THACKERAY IN AMERICA.

*Thackeray in the United States*: Including a Record of a Variety of Thackerayana. By James Grant Wilson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

When, in 1852, Thackeray made his first visit to this country, he had only ten years more to live. Those ten years, certainly the happiest and most brilliant of his life, owed much of their happiness to his friendships with Americans, and much of their ease to the profits of his American lecturing tours. Thackeray had the art of spending money fast. He loved all that the epicure in life appreciates; the society of the rich, because with them the machinery of life ran with the least friction; good wines, good dinners, which he found it even more pleasant to give than to receive; the luxury of drawing a check rather larger than he could afford, to set some poor devil on his feet. All this was necessary to his sensuous temperament and his profound sensibility. But, in the last decade of his life, when repeated attacks of illness warned him that his working days were numbered, he was possessed by a single thought—how to secure a comfortable provision "for the girls when I die." That is the pathetic phrase which crops up in so many of his letters, and it was to satisfy that ambition and to lay the ghost of that terror, poverty for his daughters, that he undertook the hard and distasteful business of public lecturing. Fortunately, it did not kill him, as it killed Dickens, and, with the clear profit of $30,000 which he gathered in America, he could make his own terms with publishers, build himself a house, and enjoy the present, for all its continued hard work.

In these two sumptuous volumes Gen. Wilson has collected from the journals of the day, from various letters, and memoirs of Americans who entertained Thackeray, and (most interesting source of all) from the letters of Thackeray himself, a very thorough and detailed account of the two American visits. The first volume is devoted to the two winters spent by the novelist in America; the second, to his last years in London, when he was still in touch with the friends who had been so lavish of their kindness and hospitality. Gen. Wilson has the Herodotean cast of mind. He loves the byways even more than the main road, and never loses an opportunity for a digression. It is chiefly that tendency to digress and tell an anecdote, with a perfect indifference to its relevancy provided only that it is entertaining, that makes the first volume such agreeable reading.

Thackeray's first crossing was shared by James Russell Lowell, fresh from his first visit to Italy, and by Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet. Thackeray landed in Boston, and there delivered his lectures on the English Humorists. Boston reminded him of Edinburgh, and he found the literary society there "very good indeed." He thought the life of New York "simpler and less pretentious" than that of the other American cities—a mystifying judgment, unless one remembers how different a New York from ours was that of the fifties, when a "villa in the country" to which Thackeray pays "an out-of-town visit" was situated a little to the west of Fifth Avenue, where are now Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets. The general aspect of what there was of New York may not, however, have been so very different from the city of to-day.

"The houses," writes Thackeray, "are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the middle of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been into a house, except the fat country one, but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall or steps are down, or the family is going to move. Nobody is quiet here; no more am I."

Thackeray was entertained by all the most distinguished men of the time, and General Wilson gives us interesting glimpses of the home life of Washington Irving, Ticknor, Emerson, William B. Reed, and others. But the novelist was essentially a club man. The occasions on which he dwells with the deepest appreciation are the dinners and breakfasts at Delmonico's, then at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, opposite A. T. Stewart's, and the gatherings of the Century Club in Clinton Place. At this club, which Thackeray called "the best in the world," he used to meet G. W. Curtis, Judge Charles P. Daly, Dana, the elder and younger Wallack, and many others, whom he always recalled with affection. Of Judge Daly, who died in 1899, General Wilson tells the following anecdote. When Daly was in London in 1851, he was presented to the Duke of Wellington, who said, "You are

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too young to have reached a high place on the Bench." "I owe my position," replied Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your Grace owes so little." "I recall my criticism," said the Iron Duke grimly; "you are doubtless where you belong."

On his first visit to the South, Thackeray was inclined to think it was the slave-owners rather than the slaves who should be pitied. In 1853, he wrote: "The negroes in the good families are the happiest, laziest, comfortablest race of menials. They are kept luxuriously in working time, and cared for most benevolently in old age—one white does the work of four of them, and one negro that can work has his parents very likely and young children that can't." But on his second visit he wrote to his daughter from Charleston: "How fond you would be of the little blackies! . . . Happy they unquestionably are—but—but I remember telling you of a pretty little child scratching my elbow and holding up a plate to me at dinner when I was here before, and now—now my friend has tired of Charleston and his beautiful, luxurious house, garden and establishment, and has sold his house and slaves; and, I don't like to ask about the ebony child whom he tickled and nursed and brought up in luxury, and who, I fear, may be sold, too."

On both occasions when it came to leaving America and the kind faces that he hardly hoped to see again, Thackeray actually could not stand the ordeal, and fled to Europe at a few hours' notice without farewells. He was firm in refusing to write a book about his impressions of America, because in such a work there must be some criticisms, and, unlike Dickens, he could not bring himself to utter them—"May claret turn sour if I do!" In a volume which is a monument of good will on both sides, it strikes the reader as a false note to find Thackeray's "Half a Loaf" reprinted in full. It was written in alarm and indignation at a moment when he was confronted with the suggestion of certain American newspapers that, if the English involved themselves in the civil war in consequence of the incident of the Southern commissioners, the investments of British subjects in America should be confiscated. Thackeray had put a good deal of his money into American stocks, and he wrote on the spur of the moment an effusion that he must have regretted. Gen. Wilson prints here for the first time some verses which are not up to the mark of Thackeray's best. His light verse is, however, always good and occasionally excellent. The short ode to the nightingale on page 178 of the first volume will remind many readers of Matthew Arnold's "Philomela" in both form and expression.

The last half of the second volume is devoted to an index which failed us on two tests (it omits Prof. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, who is mentioned on page 169 of volume ii. as a friend of Thackeray, and a rather important reference to Delmonico's on page 316 of volume i.); and to a valuable bibliography of nearly 300 pages contributed by Mr. F. S. Dickson. The numerous full-page portraits of Thackeray and the reproductions of his amusing and spirited drawings are one of the most striking features of the book. Gen. Wilson's digressive manner has its drawbacks. Those who tell anecdotes inevitably repeat themselves, and his repetitions are frequent enough to make it the reviewer's duty to point out some of them in the interest of a second edition. On page 81 he repeats a saying of Thackeray's already quoted on page 67; page 247 is an echo of page 127; an anecdote about Lady Holland is repeated in volume ii., page 244, from volume i., page 93. Wellington's criticism of Sydney Smith is given twice at length in volume i., (pages 74 and 239); Thackeray's saying about Collingwood and the acorn occurs in volume i., page 236, and volume ii., page 104; in volume i., page 362 echoes page 359; the description of Col. Newcome's death is quoted in full twice in the second volume, Thackeray's tribute to Dickens is given twice, the anecdote of the seaman who read 'Pendennis' on an Arctic expedition is told twice—nor have we in this list exhausted the number of what are obviously involuntary repetitions. The Greek accents in one or two quotations need revision. On page 341 Challey Range is given for Whalley Range, and on page 88 of volume ii. Stephen Gyronn is surely a misprint (repeated in the index) for Stephen Gwynn.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

Artists bold enough to undertake to paint the lily of Tenniel's designs for 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' have been found, and M. L. Kirk (whom we take to be of womankind) now brings twelve full-page color plates in contact and contrast with Tenniel's in the handsome edition of Frederick A. Stokes Company. Alice herself is not quite consistently imagined, and is a little underbred in the comparison, but, on the whole, the quality of these pictures is good and well-sustained, and will add distinctly to the average child's pleasure in the book. Especially commendable are Alice's descent through the rabbit's hole; the blue caterpillar and his hookah; the table party of Alice, the March Hare and the Hatter; the scene where Alice cries "Nonsense!" to the Queen; and the final dance of the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon.

By diligent distillation of standard works on Japan, written a generation or two ago by men who saw the old social and economic conditions of a people just emerging from insular hermitage, D. C. Angus has produced a very pleasant book for children under the title 'Japan, the Eastern Wonderland' (Cassell). The four-dozen illustrations, besides being bright and clear, hold well to the unchangeable things in nature and humanity. They picture especially social life and the industries which are not affected by modern innovations. The pretty book is one of the progeny of 'Alice in Wonderland,' and is properly clothed in Christmas dress. Wisely the author is willing to "take away eleven hundred years from our history . . . as 'mythical,'" to be still sufficiently proud that "our Mikado is the representative of the oldest reigning house in the world." In other ways he saves himself, by careful priming for his book, from corrupting the youthful mind in lands Occidental, for which he will be thanked by all who enjoy a well-told story free from exaggeration.

The humorous Laird of Littlegrange would have found irresistible 'The Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten' in Mr. Oliver Herford's parody and illustrations (Scribner). Some thirty-five capital designs there are, confronting as many quatrains, and while children cannot comprehend the verse, they may (or many of them may) listen not impatiently to it while they study the delectable drawings of kitten adventure. Not one quatrain is flat, all are clever, and some exceptionally so. We append a couple of specimens, to whet the appetite for others we should like to quote were it fair. The first shows the kitten at the open refrigerator:

> Some for the Glories of the Sole, and Some
> Mew for the proper Bowl of Milk to come.
> Ah, take the fish and let your Credit go,
> And plead the rumble of an empty Tum.

And here is puss before the wire mouse-trap:

> 'Tis but a Tent where takes his one Night's Rest
> A Rodent to the Realms of Death address'd,
> When Cook, arising, looks for him and then—
> Baits, and prepares it for another Guest.

Annie R. Talbot's 'Bobby and Bobbinette' (H. M. Caldwell Co.) is a pretty little book, with its dainty cover and quaint illustrations. The story is slight, and some of the incidents not very probable, but children will not object to that. The heroine is quite a natural little girl, and if Bobby is rather too good to be true, we can at least take a real interest in their friend the doll-seller, her dog and her dolls. In fact, these last inanimate characters are as lifelike as any in the book. Any child who has ever owned a doll can sympathize with Miss Kathy when she says: "There's days that doll Filury would try a saint. She'll sulk, sulk, sulk, till I have to shet her up in a drawer to get red of her." It is, of course, a surprise to be told of "a line of poetry" which runs: "Hope springs perennial in the human heart"; but as the writer does not quote from Pope by name, we must assume that she is composing a verse of her own.

'Babes in Toyland,' by Glen MacDonough and Anna Alice Chapin (Fox, Duffield & Co.), is, by a reversal of the usual order of things, a story founded on an operetta. There is nothing to take the place of Victor Herbert's music, but for the stage setting we are fully compensated by the charming illustrations, colored and otherwise, of Ethel Franklin Betts, a pupil of Howard Pyle. The main idea is good, and the history of the principal characters in nursery rhymes ought to give scope for imagination; yet as a whole the book is disappointing. The adventures do not thrill us, and are not improved by a fairy element quite foreign to the spirit of Mother Goose. Even the descriptions of Toyland, with its animals of wood or india-rubber on velveteen lawns, and its Master Toymaker, leave us entirely cold. Much the best episode in the book is the visit of the Babes in the Wood to Mean-Town, under the escort of Fuzzy, the Little Bear, whose portrait is fascinating.

Virginia Gerson's 'The Happy Heart Family' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) has a catchy title, bright red cover, and amusing illustrations. Yet one groans for a literary censor of the press to guard the ears of the nursery from such ungrammatical jargon as the following: "Nobody saw a great big letter that was lying right out in front of them on the grass, until little Mister Clumsy-heart stubbed his toe and stumbled all over it! He laughed out so it made them all turn round to see what was the matter—and there laid the letter!" Surely a

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vigorous protest should be entered against such a well of English defiled, as the reading-matter of children. Again, is it humor to print occasional words in capitals? or is there anything subtly funny in representing the male characters with their hearts upside down? Altogether, the book is claptrap.

If C. Collodi's 'Adventures of Pinocchio,' translated by Walter S. Cramp (Ginn & Co.), were a mere picture-book without text, it would still be worth getting for Charles Copeland's admirable illustrations, in almost every instance superior to the work of Carlo Chiostri in the original. But as a story it will be a delightfully novel addition to our children's libraries. The very idea of a wooden marionette as hero, transports us to a far-off country; and as we follow his adventures till he finally turns into a boy, we feel more and more that the sentiment and the humor are alike foreign. Only the moral is familiar. The sad transformation of idle scholars into donkeys is set forth in a manner worthy of 'The Water Babies.' We could, however, wish that the style were on the same level. The translator, "in order to preserve the unique flavor of the story," has given us a strange admixture of anglicized Italian idioms and American slang. As instances of the former, ascertained by comparison with the original, we may cite "a nearly ruined table," "the guards wept like two baby lambs," "preserved meat," "when Pinocchio had drunk like a sponge," and the like; of the latter, such sentences as "If you had not been around, I surely would have escaped." Thus this "literary jewel," as Sara E. H. Lockwood calls it in her preface, would undoubtedly sparkle more brightly in a different setting.

Mrs. Molesworth's 'Ruby Ring' (Macmillan) and 'The Blue Baby, and Other Stories' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) are so characteristic of this prolific writer as to need little comment. In the 'Ruby Ring' we have some of Mrs. Molesworth's favorite gypsies. The other volume of short stories, collected under a title of unpleasant sound to medical ears, has no element more exciting than a monkey on a barrel-organ. In the one book the heroine learns not to be discontented; in the other, various children are shown the evils of forgetfulness, harsh criticism, deceit, and wilfulness. There will always be a certain class of little girls to like these simple plots, obvious sentiments, and clearly enforced morals, while their elders will rejoice in the model of good English which this writer invariably affords to young readers.

The stories in 'The Touch of Nature,' by Augustus Mendon Lord (American Unitarian Association), range over every epoch and every country, and all but two deal with the supernatural. For most adult readers they will have all the charm of fresh antiquities, and one statement at least, that St. Patrick came from Rome to be a missionary to the Britons, will cause them unfeigned surprise. The book would gain by the erasure of certain unpleasing colloquialisms, and by the substitution of illustrations less careless and less grotesque. Thus, in reading of Spain under the Moors and of a knight and page in armor, we resent a drawing of two theatrical matadors. But, as a whole, the stories are well chosen and well told.

'Mary's Garden, and How It Grew,' by Frances Duncan (Century Co.), is a charming little book, and, as the old phrase goes, combines instruction with amusement in an admirable way. It gives in simple, clear language the story of a child's labors over her garden from December to November, with enough practical information and enough illustrations to make it a valuable text-book. A few flower legends are prettily introduced, and there is sufficient sequence of plot to form a readable story. Of course all children cannot have the advice and superintendence of Herr Peter Trommel, and, as the little girl says, "Gardening is very distracting at times." But still this book ought to encourage many boys and girls to try their hand at this delightful occupation, and enable at least a few to succeed.

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*Ornament and Its Application:* A Book for Students, Treating in a Practical Way of the Relation of Design to Material, Tools, and Methods of Work. By Lewis F. Day. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xxxii, 319.

This is one of a long succession of books, by the same author, in which the arts of design are treated in a very practical way. A companion volume to the present one, entitled 'Pattern Design,' has been reviewed in these columns. The difference between the two is in the more serious attempt made, now, to explain the relation of the piece of decorative work itself, the material used, and the purpose to be served, to the ornamentation. We should use rather the term decoration, were it not for the title given to the book in hand, for decoration suggests the making of the whole piece decorous and fit in every way for its purpose, while ornament refers rather to that which has been put on without other end than the supposed need of adornment.

Now if we take the illustrations of this work, with only such reference to the text as the proper understanding of the illustrations makes necessary, we shall judge the book at its best. There are 289 illustrations, all included in the text; but some are very elaborate, while some are mere diagrams. Collectively, with their well-imagined "captions," they form a mass of very excellent material, calculated to instruct in the best way—that is, by the force of well-chosen examples. Page 166 has cut 156, "Forged iron scrollwork of the thirteenth century"; and cut 157, "Details of forged iron beaten into swages"—these last being drawn on a large scale. Page 167 is occupied entirely by cut 158, "Forged iron scroll-work of the seventeenth century." Page 168 shows cut 159, and the next page cut 160, the two dealing also with wrought-iron work and having captions which describe them rather closely, and point out the difference between them and between each of them and all the other pieces shown. This subject is continued on the following two pages, and two other cuts are shown which come directly into their places in the series. Given a little, a very little, knowledge of the subject of blacksmith work, and the reader who desires information about the different styles of such work —not the historical and epochal styles, but styles of workmanship and of design—will be well served.

On the other hand, if one reads the text which accompanies these pictures, he will find brief explanation of the way in which the work has been done in each case, and this explanation will seem to him to fail rather from mere brevity than from inadequate perception of the conditions. There is no peculiar brilliancy of analysis, but indeed the two pages of text which accompanies these plates (for there are not more than two pages of solid printed matter) contain clear description and positive setting down of facts about the work.

Chapter X. is entitled "From Process to Process," and it shows in text and in cut how the designer works when he models relief in clay, when he scratches the surface of other clay, producing thereby a fantastical pattern, when he cuts through one coat of clay to show other clay of a different color beyond—all of these pieces of work in plastic material being preparations for the firing which is to make pottery of the modelled or sculptured piece. But as the writer's purpose is to explain the way in which ornament develops itself and comes to be what it is, so he passes from this clay work to plaster work, and then to cutting in stone and wood, and again to rapidly incised work in metal for niello or for champlevé enamel. And, as a kind of work closely in harmony with the last-named, a mosaic of inlays is shown, garnet in metal, glass in ivory, clay in wood, glass in plaster in translucent patterns (windows for Cairene mosques). As before, we find the illustrations singularly well chosen and perfectly well explained by their captions, and as before the text is so very brief that it demands close attention from its reader. A sufficient space is not allowed for each separate truth to be dwelt upon, to be brought up again, held up in another light, reconsidered, reëxamined, reinforced.

This book appears to be and is much more important than the thinner book which we have called its companion volume, and every person interested in decorative design should possess it, if only for repeated examination of its very interesting pictures.

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*Style in Furniture.* By R. Davis Benn. With illustrations by W. C. Baldock. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. xvi., 338.

The spread of purely literary education, such as is given by the schools, has not produced as many treatises on the practical trades, the industrial arts, the daily work of manufacture and decoration, as might have been expected. There are but few such books, and when they come to our notice they are disappointing in a way, because one has not thought beforehand of the difficulty of expression on the part of those whose chief business in life is not writing. There have been such brilliant instances of success in that way—so many artists, for instance, who were never suspected of the power of verbal expression, yet have excelled in it—that one ceases to anticipate what should be the normal result of asking a skilful, responsible, and well-informed tradesman to write down his thoughts upon his own trade. And yet the reading public might have seen something of what they had to expect, in the business letters which they receive from workmanlike and businesslike men of affairs, men of good common-school educa-

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tion; for it is quite well known to persons who receive many letters on business affairs that only correspondence clerks, and chiefs who have become chiefs because of unusual perspicacity, have learned how to write business letters which are intelligible. The exceptions are not as remarkable by any means as the prevalence of the rule.

In the matter of decorative furniture we have had occasion more than once to comment upon the internal evidence given by this or that book that its author was a thoughtful mechanic and perhaps an artist, but was not a skilled writer. Here, now, is a book with a similar characteristic visible in every page, and unfortunately showing itself in vexatious ways, as by the great number of quoted expressions and phrases, the numerous exclamation marks, the far too obvious attempts at small jocosities, and even by such errors of attribution and popular nomenclature as may easily arise where verbal exactitude is not a primary object of the writer. A "Jacobean chair of the Cromwellian period" may be a puzzle for the historian; a "bread and cheese cupboard" need not excite thought of "the hearty, simple fare of the old days," because, indeed, the name given is a modern and a merely fantastical one; it is a poor way to treat your own judiciously employed epithets to put them into quotation marks, and to print a legend under a cut in this fashion: "'New Art' Surface Decoration of the 'Wiry' Type (German)." The quotation mark is an obsession of our author, and he seems to enjoy inventing terms which are fairly descriptive and then spoiling them by this device.

The feeling that we have about the text extends in a degree to the illustrations, for while they are taken from good examples and are drawn with sufficient intelligibility, they are not made authoritative as to style and date, and they are curiously deficient in charm. To say that they are ugly would be to say too much, perhaps, for the artist may be excused for remembering always and insisting very strongly upon the polished surface of his varnished furniture; and when he has unlovely details to render, it is hard to make the picture attractive. Still, the thought must occur to every person who is familiar with modern illustration that to put "Chippendale" at the top of a plate is not enough of a guarantee, and that less work and a simpler style of drawing would have produced a more fortunate result.

Our fault-finding is now at an end. The book contains a great deal of excellent matter, and it is not ill arranged. Moreover, the good taste shown in the criticisms upon ancient and modern work is noteworthy. The volume is divided into chapters, with titles such as Sir William Chambers, Chippendale, Other Georgian Types, The Louis Quatorze, Empire, etc.—seventeen of them in all. There are 102 numbered plates which show many hundred separate objects, and there are also illustrations in the text. A sagacious plan is adopted of compelling the reader to consult the text in connection with the pictures. Plate so-and-so will have no legend or "caption" whatever, nor any title, but merely a reference to the text—sometimes to six different pages, for the same number of objects shown in the same plate. Those who have noticed the sad fact that an illustrated article in a magazine or an illustrated book is not often read carefully, and this because the man who should be a reader thinks that he gets from the pictures themselves all that there is to be got, because he glances at them, lays the book down, and is sure he is done with it—those persons will accept with applause this novelty. When one end of a very elaborate and gorgeous piece of furniture is shown you, with only Number 3 upon it, and only a reference to Page 244 for its title, the chances are very greatly increased that the lover of such things will look that numbered page up, and in this way get to see the piece of furniture as the author would have him look at it.

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*Man and Superman:* A Comedy and a Philosophy. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

At the School of Economics in London last May a number of well-known men and a few women met to discuss a paper by Mr. Galton on the science of "Eugenics." Mr. Karl Pearson was in the chair, and those who took part in the debate were Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, two or three distinguished London physicians, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Eugenics, we may explain for the sake of those who have not followed Mr. Galton's studies in heredity, is a word invented by him to stand for "the science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race." Mr. Galton prefers to call eugenics a science, but a number of those who discussed his paper insisted on regarding it as a new religion, which must be preached with fervor, while even Mr. Galton could not avoid using such words as "tenet" and "dogma" when he prophesied that one day men would believe in eugenics and live according to their belief. There was much talk about heredity, some asserting that we know enough already to use our statistics in a system of artificial selection, though the majority confessed a profound distrust of all such statistics. There was no agreement as to whether improving the environment would improve the stock, or as to what was to be done about the institution of marriage. All agreed that it is the chief obstacle in the path of eugenics, but, on the whole, it was thought best not to meddle with it till, the whole world being converted to artificial selection (for eugenics really amounts to that), marriage would be improved out of existence. The debate left Mr. Galton much depressed in his hopes for his new science.

One of his few whole-hearted adherents was Mr. Shaw, and we have said so much about eugenics because, in the comedy before us, written though it was before Mr. Galton's debate, he definitely aims at converting his readers to what we may call the dogmas of eugenics if we take it as a religion, or its laws if we choose to rank it with physics and chemistry—a step which really calls for an apology to both. Mr. Shaw's hero, the Superman, is, of course, the ideal type. But he would not be every man's, much less every woman's, ideal; and one of the grand difficulties that will have to be faced by those who experiment with the cult of the Superman—we mix our phraseology, like Mr. Galton, so as to cover both views—is that no two persons will agree on the type needed or the special qualities to be bred. Mr. Shaw's ideal is simply, if one may say so without rudeness, himself. John Tanner in the play is the philosopher who inevitably, at some stage of the race's development, turns and denounces its culture and its institutions, like Socrates, like Heraclitus before him, like Nietzsche and Ibsen, and the rest. Such a type is not only necessary but inevitable for the advancement of the race; it is bound to recur. But a race of Supermen of that kind or even a nation of them would be an absurdity; Plato himself, when he designed his impossible community, never expected to breed more than a very small minority of truly enlightened and superior men to guide the rest. Mr. Shaw's heroine is not the Superwoman, of whom, indeed, we hear nothing. Ann Whitefield is Everywoman, and her part is to defeat the purpose of the Superman and to tempt him to be false to his philosophy. In this she succeeds, for Mr. Shaw must make his play like life, though he may desire all that Mr. Galton desires, and may agree, as he did in the London debate, that the "violent preferences" of natural selection should be frustrated or ignored when the good of the race demands it. Nothing, indeed, was more amusing in that debate than the manner in which the theorists waved "love" aside as an irrational element that must be kept out of eugenics, while the men more in touch with affairs (the physicians especially) refused to leave out of the account the mysterious and incalculable force that always has stultified and always will stultify any form of eugenics as Mr. Galton conceives it. Mr. Shaw's hero, accordingly, after denouncing Ann as a vampire and declaiming against marriage, marries Ann.

It is on its sociological side that the play is interesting. The picture of the evolution of the Don Juan type, and the interlude in the underworld with the devil transformed into a bland hotelkeeper, give Mr. Shaw his opportunity for some amusing declamations against all existing institutions. Barring even the long interlude, the play would hardly do on the stage. It is meant to be read by a select few; stripped of its preface and its appendix of revolutionary maxims, and presented to a general audience, it would be both offensive and undramatic.

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*The Letters of Dorothy Wadham, 1609-1618.* Edited by the Rev. Robert Barlow Gardiner. Henry Frowde. 1904.

Dorothy Wadham is a remarkable type of the foundress, even in England, where collegiate bequests by women have been common enough; and notable for the liberality, assiduity, and, on the whole, wisdom, with which she administered her trust. Her husband, Nicholas Wadham, died in October, 1609. He had talked over the plans for the college at Oxford with his wife, but left her by will no directions except that "she will bestow and employ" the residuary estate left unreservedly in her control, "to such uses and purposes as I have requested her." At this time she was seventy-five years old. Within six weeks she had applied for a charter; within nine months the cornerstone of the chapel had been laid; and in a little more than three years the buildings, which remain an almost unaltered delight to-day, were completed. A year before this time she had constituted the college of a warden, fifteen fellows, as many scholars, two chaplains, and two clerks, with the necessary servants. For her own

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lifetime she retained the right to nominate to these positions, and her letters, now first edited by an old Wadhamite, relate chiefly to such appointments.

At times the aged foundress deprecates this duty. Writing November 15, 1614, concerning a batch of nominations, she premises to her "good Warden": "Allthough it bee not a thing fitt for me to appointe officers in my Colledge yet knowing by my statutes that I have reserved it unto my selfe and seeing that without my warrant ye will not presume the appointinge of them, etc."—and then follows the "slate." But this tone is rare, and generally her letters bear out the Wife of Bath's view, that women chiefly love dominion. Ordinarily, she addresses "My good Company" or "My Society" without apologetic preambles. Indeed, a feature pathetic, yet not precisely amiable, in her letters is the attempt to secure a post-mortem control of both regulations and appointments. Yielding to pressure from friends and relatives who desired scholarships, she created a waiting-list which could not have been satisfied till long after her death. Moreover, she seems actually to have supposed that no amendment of the rules of the foundation could be made after she was gone. But to this end she urges suggestions from the "Companye," being desirous in her lifetime "to see your Colledge perfect."

No concern of the college was too small for her. She virtually reprimands Warden Wright for appointing a substitute cook during the absence of the regular incumbent, and directs that a recommendee of My Lord's Grace of Canterbury be installed: "These [letters] shall be expressly to require you and your Company to remove uppon sight heerof Doctor Wrights man and to place Rodger Robinson as substitute under my cooke." In a less material spirit she commands in a postscript: "I would have prayers and fastinge dayes dewly observed in the house not allowinge any in ther Chambers to breake it or else where within the Colledge." On another occasion she reprehends the abridgment of the two-hour disputations regularly held after dinner. Bad conduct in her company distresses her greatly. Of an ill-conducted Fellow she writes that she is tempted to cut off his stipend: "I can hardly be drawen to send Robin Arnold his quarterage . . . . were it not that I wish him better than he hath grace to conceive and also doubtinge his former frantick tricks. I pray let him not be untold by you whereby he may the better know himself." In like spirit she provides pensions for a "Mansiple" (steward), or orders that a long-standing glazier's account be paid "that ther may be noe more brabling with him." But perhaps nothing better shows her care for the general comfort of her appointees than her stipulation, forced by the unreasonable absenteeism of one of the chaplains, that his stipend should be transferred during such absence to the one remaining in service; "because the Chaplin's place is paynfull and troublesome beyond others."

Unhappily, the other side of the correspondence is not preserved, and we do not know how the "good company" took the rather minute solicitude of their patroness. It is significant, however, that she very promptly lost her first Warden by resignation, while her frequent admonitions to brotherly unity seem something more than perfunctory. When the foundation put on "mourning gowns" which the estate supplied in her honor—the furnisher, M. Boswell, was enjoined to supply "good cloth for his credit and at an easie prise for my [the executor's] purse"—it is possible that the "Societye" had mixed feelings toward the vigorous old gentlewoman. It may be conceived that their real regret for one who had cared for them generously was tempered with a certain relief that Nicholas Wadham's idea of a college was no longer to be interpreted by Nicholas Wadham's widow. But this is only the common lot of founders, and it is doubtful if any future treatise *de senilibus* can afford to neglect the extraordinary and on the whole wisely directed activities of the octogenarian Dorothy Wadham.

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*Studies in Prose and Verse.* By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

"Criticism," says Mr. Symons in the expository dedication of this collection of his magazine articles and prefaces, "is not an examination with marks and prizes. It is a valuation of forces, and it is indifferent to their direction." This is clearly the point of view of one who is a fine rather than a "great" critic, of one whose other half is poet rather than, as in the case of the great critics, historian or philosopher. We do not recall any of the latter sort who was ever quite indifferent to the direction of the forces he dealt with. Yet the fine critic of the former sort is likely to have representative import as well as personal interest. Mr. Symons is no exception. His volume is one of the most significant of recent books of criticism. In the long run, the considerable literary forces are ideas as they have been held by persons, and Mr. Symons's criticism is, like that of his acknowledged master, Walter Pater, the criticism of personality in literature, in a very special sense. We have but to call the roll of the personal forces he has evalued to apprehend pretty clearly the direction in which the significance of his criticism is to be sought. He writes briefly—but always pregnantly—of Balzac, Mérimée, Gautier, De Quincey, Hawthorne, Pater, Stevenson, Symonds, William Morris, De Maupassant, Daudet, Hubert Crackanthorpe, Robert Buchanan, Oscar Wilde, D'Annunzio, Meredith, Zola, Gorky, Tolstoy, Campoamor, Robert Bridges, Austin Dobson, Yeats, Stephen Phillips, Ernest Dowson, and (in the prefaces reprinted from the volumes of his poems) of himself.

To Stephen Phillips and one or two more of these writers Mr. Symons applies a firm, defining, and destructive criticism; in the case of Balzac, De Quincey, and Hawthorne, authors in the way of becoming classics, he is concerned with certain subtle aspects of their style and method; but in the case of the majority of the men named above, men marked whether by an admirable or a sad modernity, his affair is one of sympathetic interpretation, of the "valuation of forces." It is this that gives the book its unity and significance.

It is evident that, while the men of this latter company have in common the trait of being sincere artists, whatever they may be as men, they fall roughly into two sets as they are exquisite and wholesome, or wayward and "strong," writers. It is in dealing with the first set that the fineness of Mr. Symonds's literary sense and the close felicity of his prose style are most apparent. What, for example, could be more tellingly phrased than this of the diction of Robert Bridges?

"Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective that has never run in harness with it, and which champs and rears intractably at its side. Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smoothly to what comes startlingly from a distance, chooses his epithets for their sound and for their traditional significance, their immediate appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. Bridges obtains his delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing beautiful alien words to come together willingly, and take service with him, as if they had been born under his care."

It is, however, in dealing with men of the second set, the more wayward moderns, that Mr. Symons is at once most sympathetic and most significant. Even in the case of that hauntingly exquisite poet and most impossible of disreputable persons, Ernest Dowson, Mr. Symons is an astonishingly faithful interpreter, though he has known too much of the wholesome uplands of English literature to be quite an apologist. It is, perhaps, in dealing with the brilliant, perverse art of D'Annunzio, so alien to sound Anglo-Saxon feeling, that we find Mr. Symons's most characteristic judgments.

"To D'Annunzio," he says, "there exist in the world only two things, sex and art. He desires beauty with the rage of a lover; and, to him, sex is the supreme beauty. The visible world 'exists' for him as an entirely satisfying thing, which the soul or the needs of the soul could but trouble to no purpose. Studious of the origins of emotion, he finds them wholly in the physical action of the senses, and seems to have discovered nothing in human nature which cannot be rendered to the eye by some image. . . . His adoration of beauty is a continual fever, and in the intoxication of physical desire he is conscious that passion, also, is a supreme art. This quality comes to him because he is not so much a novelist as a poet, a poet who writes better in prose than in verse, but who never thinks in prose. 'Le Vergini delle Rocce' is a shadowy poem, in which beautiful ghosts wander, 'as if seen in a great mirror'; they are tired of waiting for life, their souls wasted away by dreams, their bodies famished with desires too vague to find a name. . . . . Yet (and here perhaps the Northern attitude of mind may seem to take its revenge) these books of D'Annunzio in which every earthly delight is so eagerly accepted, possessed so passionately, are all tragedies, often tragedies ending in gross material horror, and they are tragedies because no man has yet found out a remedy against the satiety of pleasure, except the remedies hidden away somewhere in the soul."

There is little to be abated here, though it should be said that for many readers the beauty of D'Annunzio is never an enjoyable beauty, because of the heavy scent of the *fleurs de mal*, from which it is never separate. And here, in his characteristic preoccupation with that inward dalliance of modern "temperament" with sensuous beauty and a more and more shadowy soul, we find the significance of Mr. Symons's criticism. This misty, mid-region of moods, troubled with beauty, desirous of truth, yet little zealous in deed, is that in which he is, intellectually, most at home. When he comes at the end to write lyrically, though half whimsically, of himself, he frankly confesses to many of the doctrines of that sect which finds its narrow scrip-

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ture in Pater's 'Studies in the Renaissance': his subjects shall be the "moods of men," all of them; his favorite nature shall be the city, with its "beauty of artificial light"; his "escape" from life shall be art.

By virtue of the refinement and earnestness of Mr. Symons's writing, his book is, as a whole, more wholesome than would appear from the sum of its subjects and its doctrine. It is an able apologia, and it is, as we have seen, especially interesting as being in more than a superficial sense typical of the age. It is idle to fit words like "decadent" or "Alexandrine" to our so active and miscellaneous times. General letters, history, biography, criticism were never more capable and healthy, yet the fact remains that in creative literature, for the last score of years, the most sincere and individual art that we have had, has been neither robust nor "of the centre," but, as in the case of the men whom Mr. Symons has chosen chiefly to interpret, wistful or perverse.

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*Retrospects.* By William Knight, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Professor Knight need hardly have been so doubtful as he seems to be in his preface of his readers' ability to appreciate his 'Retrospects' without initiatory rites. It is his aim, he tells us, to avoid well-trodden ground; and, though his success in this regard is less than absolute, there is an air of novelty investing a very large proportion of the substance of his book. Here and there an old friend shows a familiar face. At the outset he deliberately denies himself the rôle of critic, but the habit of his life is stronger than his deliberate resolve, and from first to last we have a good deal of criticism and not a word too much.

There are thirteen at Professor Knight's table, but they all have "had their day and ceased to be," so that the fatal number need not disturb our minds. Carlyle has the MacGregor seat, not only as coming first in order, but as affording the most interesting matter. This chapter is almost entirely made up of anecdote and reminiscence; the Browning, Stanley, and Martineau chapters are compacted of letters and recollections in different degrees; the Shorthouse, Davies, Smetham, and Elwin chapters depend almost exclusively for their interest on the letters they contain. Professor Knight laments that there are so few good reports of Carlyle's conversation, and tells of forty pages of Stanley's notes of a single talk, which have mysteriously disappeared. Carlyle did not reciprocate Stanley's admiration. "Eh, the Dean!" he said: "he's a man who just gets drunk on toast and water!" But those whom he did not depreciate were few. "Maister Darwin," he said, "is no better than John Mull [Mill] or Maister Herbert Spencer; they're a' *magneeficent asses*." Conducting family prayers at a friend's house in Scotland, he read nearly half the Book of Job, pleading that "Eliphaz the Temanite was verra interesting." Disraeli and Gladstone were to him *Tros Tyriusve*. He said: "I don't know that Dizzy has got a conscience. Gladdy *has* a conscience, but he turns it any way he has a stomach to, and immediately thinks it is a call from God." In the Kingsley-Newman fight he thought, being quite isolated here, that Kingsley had the best of the argument. He acknowledged Newman's cleverness, but could not abide his "palpable mendacities." Professor Knight is forgetful when he writes of Carlyle as "savagely denouncing all oppressors." He spared the American slave oligarchy and Gov. Eyre. There is interesting testimony to Carlyle's courtesy and to his deference to others in conversation; in this particular shaming Tennyson, Browning, Martineau, and others.

Professor Knight's interest in Maurice is very great, but he does not succeed in making him impressive to us. The Tennyson chapter adds little to what we have already heard. Tennyson thought Maurice "far greater than Newman, really more spiritual and profounder every way." Among sonneteers he ranked his brother, Charles Turner, next after Shakspere, Milton, and Wordsworth. His ideal sonnet showed "a continuous advance of thought and movement"; but many lovers of the sonnet, if they do not prefer that form where the sestet recoils upon the octave, as notably in Drayton's

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,"

will contend that it is certainly not inferior to the other. The intensity of Tennyson's passion for personal immortality has often been remarked. Professor Knight reports him as saying, "The idea of annihilation would be more horrible to me than the idea of everlasting torments," but it would be different with the realization.

The Browning chapter is interesting principally as showing the poet's warm admiration for Wordsworth. He said of some of his earlier poems that "he could never be tired of loving them, while, with the best will in the world, he could never do more than try hard to like them." If Professor Knight's understanding of Browning's "Memorabilia" does not completely invert Browning's meaning, we have been much mistaken heretofore. The Martineau chapter is a significant comment on certain attempts to exhibit Martineau as leaning to the traditional theology. Let him idealize and adumbrate orthodoxy to suit his taste, and he could conceive it as something very attractive. But here is a passage that will be worth remembering from time to time. It expresses exactly the idea of Emerson's "Divinity School Address":

"The substitution, in short, of religion at *first hand*, straight out of the immediate interaction between the soul and God, for religion at *second hand*, fetched, by copying, out of anonymous traditions of the Eastern Mediterranean, eighteen centuries ago, has really been the directing, though hardly conscious, aim of my responsible years of life."

The recollections of Dean Stanley do little more than confirm previous impressions, the best of them being the most familiar, the Dean's speech in Convocation, defending Bishop Colenso. Some of the letters in the later chapters are too slight to justify their use. The distinguished names attached to them are not enough. Those by the less distinguished persons are frequently the better. Especially agreeable are the glimpses of J. Henry Shorthouse and Anna Swanwick. In the chapter on Whitwell Elwin we have good Wordsworthiana—for example, the poet's staying at home at Abbotsford when visiting Scott, and listening delightedly the whole morning to his sister's reading of "The Excursion" (!)—and, *per contra*, his eight-mile midnight walk to intercept a letter and change a word in a poem he was sending to the press.

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## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Blanchard, Amy E. Bonny Lesley of the Border. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Bolza, Oskar. Lectures on the Calculus of Variations. University of Chicago Press. $4 net.
Bonar, Horatius. Hymns. Selected by his son, H. N. Bonar. London and New York: Henry Frowde. $2.40 net.
Boraston, John Maclair. Birds of Land and Sea. John Lane. $2 net.
Bryan, William Jennings. Under Other Flags. Lincoln, Neb.: The Commoner.
Bryce, James. The Holy Roman Empire. New ed. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Byron's Love Poems. John Lane. 50 cents net.
Catalogue of the Books, Pamphlets, etc., relating to the City and County of Lincoln. Compiled by A. R. Corns. Lincoln, England.
Cary, Elisabeth Luther, and Annie M. Jones. Books and My Food. Rohde & Haskins.
Clement, Ernest W. The Japanese Floral Calendar. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Crane, Arthur. The New Philosophy. Published by the Author.
Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated by H. F. Tozer. London: Henry Frowde. $1 net.
Day, Thomas Fleming. Hints to Young Yacht Skippers. Rudder Publishing Co. $2.
Decharme, Paul. La Critique des Traditions Religieuses chez les Grecs. Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils. 7 fr. 50.
Edwards, William Seymour. In to the Yukon. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $1.50 net.
Ehrlich, Arnold. Die Psalmen. Neu übersetzt und erklärt. Berlin: M. Poppelauer.
Erbes, Philip H. Cranio-Muscular Origins of Brain and Mind. Chicago: Promethean Publisher.
Fellmley and Shutts. Arithmetics. Book I. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Firth, C. H. A Plea for the Historical Teaching of History. London: Henry Frowde.
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Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Edited by Philip S. Allen. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
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Hall, Eliza Leovy. The Rainbow Ball. New Orleans, La.: F. F. Hansell & Bro.
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